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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF SOUTH CAROLINA: BY JOHN BELTON O'NEALL, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE LAW COURT OF APPEALS, AND THE COURT OF ERRORS, ETC.

In proposing to give a brief, critical notice of the work, whose title is placed at the head of this article, we shall come to the task, as far as we are able, with a spirit of strictest justice. Tempting as the occasion may be, when we have to deal with a native Carolina author, and a gentleman, too, with whom we have been bound for many years in ties of more than common friendship, we feel assured that we indulge none of the vain ambition of an ancient rhetorician, who boasted that it was his profession to make *little things appear great*. The spirit of Judge O'Neill's work must be commended. There is no more pious and useful labour, than to perpetuate the fame of the wise and good, who, having acted well their part in life, have gone to the great world of spirits. The virtuous dead should be regarded as sacred, and we feel no sympathy with those who would indulge in depreciation of them. Rather is it a compliment to the

amiability and justice of an author, if he should transcend the strict limits of praise and admiration. Plutarch, while condemning this low and jealous feeling, holds up to contempt certain persons in his day, who ascribed the death of the younger Cato, to his fear of Cæsar. His theme possesses peculiar elevation and dignity, and in other lands, has been thought worthy the pen of the noblest intellects. He has walked in the footsteps of Lord Campbell, to whom is accorded universally the distinguished honour of having written one of the most valuable and delightful works which have adorned the nineteenth century—we mean the “Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices of England.” We think we are carried away by no blind enthusiasm, when we assert, that there is no more important field of historical research and investigation, than that which is furnished by the legal profession. In every country it has given the leaders in defence of

right and liberty, who freely offered up their lives with a devotion, second only to Christian martyrdom. Look where we may, the fact stands out prominently. The history of the legal profession is the history of government and progress in civilization. That man is ignorant indeed, who knows not the true position of the lawyer; and our judgment will not allow us to indulge in language less strong towards him who wantonly sympathizes in the vulgar prejudices against him, than to say that he is *an enemy to the human race*. Before we dismiss this topic, we will add, that even Sir Edward Coke, whose conduct, as Attorney-General, was absolutely atrocious, and who, in his prosecution of Raleigh, can be looked upon only in the light of a monster, in "the case of Commendams," when the King contended that his prerogative was concerned, and asked that the proceedings be stayed until his pleasure be ascertained, nobly replied, that, "when the case happens, I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do." The reader of history knows, that to him England is indebted for the petition of Right, the second Magna Charta, which, in short, is a protection of the people, in all time to come, against the abuses of prerogative.

But we proceed to give some account of the work. It consists of two volumes; the first embraces sketches of the Chief Justices, Law Judges, Chancellors and Recorders; the second of Attorney-Generals, United States District Attorneys, the Solicitors, and the members of the Bar. We have, in addition, an auto-biographical sketch of the author, and the original Fee-Bill, of 1791, with *fac-similes* of the signatures of the members of the Bar. We should not omit to mention, among the interesting docu-

ments published by him, the list of Chief Justices, Judges in Law and Equity, Recorders, &c., and an alphabetical list of Attorneys enrolled at Charleston and Columbia. There is, too, a sufficient index, which adds largely to its value. With but few exceptions, the sketches are confined to the dead, and the design of the author, is "to rescue the memory of the good and great from oblivion, and to place their actions before their young countrymen, as marks by the way side for their journey of life." The plan is good, and we know not how it could be improved. The work opens with sketches of three Chief Justices—Trott, Drayton and Rutledge. As this office was revived by the last Legislature, after a sleep of more than sixty four years, and as our people are unused even to the sound of the name, it may be of interest to the general reader to make a brief historical allusion to it. Everybody knows, that the great body of our law is but a transplantation of English jurisprudence. It is from England that we derive the office. It was introduced into that country by William the Conqueror, from Normandy, where it had long been an office of great power and authority; and the obvious reason for its introduction was, that it was favourable to princely prerogative. The officer was styled the Chief Justiciar, and his court, originally, was a grand, central tribunal, not only for appeal, but for the origination and decision of all causes throughout the realm. It was styled *Curia Regis*, and sometimes *Aula Regis*. Certain great officers of the State were associated with the Chief Justice, as Judges. In rank, the Grand Justiciar was above the nobility; and in authority, second only to the King; and when the King was beyond the seas—as was often the

case—he governed the realm, like a Viceroy. Our readers will agree with us, that this was an office worth having; and eager as man is for place and power, we cannot well conceive how human ambition could be subjected to a more seductive temptation. It was too much power to be confided to one man, and the first Chief Justiciar, O. D. O., grossly abused it. In the progress of time, it was fully proved, that this grand, centralizing Court, with the almost unlimited authority conferred upon its chief officer, worked the greatest inconvenience, and failed to subserv the ends of justice. Tribunals, with distinct jurisdictions, were now established, and the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Exchequer, and the Court of Chancery, sprung into existence. Finally, the judicial institutions were fashioned with such perfection, that they have remained without material change for centuries, and served as models for all free people. The Chief Justiciar is now shorn of his terrific power, and the Chancellor, whose functions in the humility of his origin, were considered those of being almoner and secretary to the King, may now—thanks to the times of Thomas à Becket—lay claim to equal dignity. Well, there is now no occasion for alarm with the most nervous of our readers, because there is a Chief Justiciar in Carolina. He is no Ralph Flambard, “the devouring torch,” as he was styled, whose course was marked by ruin and desolation. He is clothed with no despotic power, but, like the humblest citizen, must yield obedience to the superior authority of law. But if there be any who still indulge their fears, because of the awful majesty with which this high officer is historically encircled, we can give additional assurance in the

fact, that the gentleman who has been recently called to this position, is distinguished for his sense of justice, his Christian virtues, and the numberless good works which at every stage have marked a long public life. True it is, our Chief Justice fills the highest place on our Bench of Judges; but his greater dignity is derived not from extraordinary function, but from official rank. Let him be regarded as the Presiding Judge in the Court of Appeals, the highest judicature known to us, and let the honour and dignity attaching to station be divided between him and his two associates, assigning to him a measure somewhat greater than is given to the others, and then the humblest man may venture in his presence without trembling, and none need fear but the malefactor.

We can do no more than allude to a few individuals sketched by our author. None, perhaps, are more entitled to this than the group of Chief Justices. All three were remarkable men. Nicholas Trott, the first Chief Justice, who held the office from 1712 to 1719, when the Proprietary Government was abolished, was distinguished for his manly intellect, his knowledge of law, his boldness and energy, and, according to our author, his unscrupulousness. Trott was invested with extraordinary power, but still his ambition was not satisfied. That he was not sufficiently regardful of the rights of others, turbulent, anxious to enjoy a monopoly of authority, there can be no doubt. A full account of him is given by Professor Rivers in his admirable contribution to the History of South Carolina. From his “sketch,” as he modestly styles it—which, by the way, is the fullest history of the Proprietary Government which has been written—Judge O’Neall might have drawn valua-

ble material for a more extended notice of our first grand Justiciar. But, after all deductions, he was a great man. He was a principal actor amid the most interesting scenes of our history, and there is no doubt, that under the providence of God, his very failings were made to contribute to our higher glory and more rapid development. His Honor has fallen into an error in respect to the time when Trott died; and, if we are not mistaken, has not given the date of his birth. We beg leave to supply the deficiency. The *Carolina Gazette*, in a notice of his death at Charleston, states he was born January 19th, 1663, and died January 21st, 1740, being 77 years old. We will add that Ramsay says "he died about the year 1740." We think this information of the exact dates must be regarded as satisfactory.

We will add a few words in reference to the other two Justices. The names of Drayton and Rutledge, are sanctified in the big heart of Carolina. The sketch of Drayton is quite meagre, but the author has not failed to render full justice to his character. The contrast between him and his predecessor, Trott, awakens in his bosom feelings similar to those indulged by Junius, when he turns to Lord Camden, after having expended his unrivaled powers of sarcasm and abuse upon Lord Mansfield. In the opening of his sketch, he declares that he turns to Drayton "with the delight with which the awakened sleeper witnesses the aurora of a bright day." To his knowledge, his independence, his integrity, his devotion to the interests of the Colonies, he bears the most unqualified testimony.

But we have now to introduce "our last and greatest Chief Justice," John Rutledge. Judge O'Neal presents him, perhaps, with

sufficient fullness. A volume could have been written, for his public service in the various stations to which he was called, embraced a period of thirty years. He filled all the chief offices of the State, and was, finally, appointed by President Washington Chief Justice of the United States. Whether in the Court-room, in the Halls of Congress, in the Executive Chair, or in the Convention of the people, whether in the discharge of the various and multiplied duties of the Chief Civil Magistrate, or of the more perplexing offices of a great Military Dictator at a period of peculiar peril, he was adequate to every emergency, and exhibited wonderful ability. Judge O'Neal, in concluding his sketch, remarks that "he was a fascinating companion, one of the most striking orators who ever spoke in South Carolina, or in the Union, an honest man, a fearless patriot, a wise statesman, a pure, just, well-informed Judge. Few men have lived who were greater than John Rutledge, and few will ever live who can excel him."

Our limits will not allow us to allude even to the eminent Judges, Chancellors, Recorders, United States District Attorneys, Solicitors, and Members of the Bar, who have been sketched in these volumes. This we regret, for could we do so, we feel assured that we could exhibit a roll of legal gentlemen second to none in our Union. We will refer to a few, for the double purpose of introducing to the reader some of the most eminent, and exhibiting the author's power of delineation. "Daniel E. Huger!" At the call of that name how fresh is memory with the recollections of his many high and noble qualities! As we are about to close this sketch, his erect and manly form is distinctly before us.



There he stands, full six feet high, with those strongly marked features so indicative of indomitable character, the ponderous brows from beneath which shine those deep gray eyes, whose light resembles a flash of lightning from a heavy and darkening cloud, and like it scatters light upon the darkness around. He was one of the bravest men we ever knew; an old Roman, and such a one as Rome might well have been proud of in her palmiest day. "*Bonum virum facile dixeris, magnum libenter.*"

We regard the sketch of Chancellor DeSaussure as one of the best in the book, and as exhibiting the author's powers in their most favourable light. Though he gives proofs of personal attachment, never we conceive was his Honor, in the investigation of a cause before him, actuated by a spirit of higher justice; and, we may add, that never in his long career as a judicial functionary, has he pronounced a judgment which gave more general satisfaction. We will add a few extracts from his sketch.

"In Court, he presided with a dignity from which few would have ventured to derogate, and an urbanity which took from every one all temptation to do so. It must, indeed, have been a rude nature which could have failed in respect to this venerable magistrate. Before him every one was sure of a patient hearing, and if uncommon merit appeared—and more especially in the young advocate—it was sure to be distinguished by him. He knew and respected the rights of the Bar as important to the freedom and security of the community, and claimed respect for the justice of the State, as represented by himself. \* \* \* \* \* His benevolence appeared in the whole of his demeanor to every one with whom he came in con-

tact. I believe that nothing would have given him more pain than the thought of having, in any degree, given pain to others. But this from the original bent of his nature and the effect of confirmed habit, would have been scarcely possible. But he did not merely abstain from giving pain, it was his study to oblige and give pleasure. He raised those with whom he conversed in their own esteem. \* \* \* \* \*

He was in the highest sense of the word *polite*, and it was no holiday suit put on for purposes of exhibition in society. \* \* \* He loved the conversation of the young, who found in him not only an instructive, but a most agreeable associate. \* \* \* He could not bear a good man's enmity. From the universal amenity of his manners, some may have supposed that his bearing was indiscriminate to all; but his intimate friends alone could estimate the strength, the sincerity and constancy of his attachments—warm and unimpaired even to the moment of death—his zeal for their interests, his care to defend or enhance their reputation, and his watchfulness, either to render serious services, or to do that which would be grateful to their feelings."

His estimate of the other Chancellors, and particularly those with whom he was personally associated, we think is just and discriminating; but we suggest that, in reference to some of them, a more extended sketch would have accomplished more completely the ends of biography.

We beg leave to add a few words in reference to Chancellor Harper. Regarding him as one of the most eminent of Carolina's Judges, and furnishing a high model to the youth of the State, we think that the end of our author might be more fully accom-

plished by adding something to the sketch which he has given. We conceive that we speak the united voice of the Bar, when we say that his position as Chancellor was most exalted, and that none have shed a higher glory upon our Bench. But for a full appreciation of him, he must be regarded in other aspects. He was far more than a mere lawyer; and it is in the rare combination of talents and attainments presented by him, that he may claim a special notice. He loved the ancient thought and literature, and most truly believed that modern mental culture and refinement were due, in a large measure, to this source. But it was with Greece, particularly, that he indulged a peculiar sympathy; for there he found the exhaustless fountain of poesy and philosophy. To that glorious period, when Greek genius exhibited itself in all its splendour, he was accustomed to revert with glowing enthusiasm; and with a holy rapture would he dwell upon its productions, as exhibited in Homer, Æschylus, Plato and Aristotle. Thoroughly imbued with a classical spirit, and unlike others, who perceive in much of the Greek philosophy nothing more than wild and dreamy speculation, he could draw lessons of wisdom from the Theogony of Hesiod, and from the fables and allegories of the great Grecian bard. He knew that history embraced a record of opinion as well as of fact, and that the very errors and blunders of the past may serve as stepping-stones to a higher knowledge. In this light he viewed them, and it made him a wiser and better man. Chancellor Harper had far more than usual scholarship; but the late Dr. Henry has heard him declare that he would freely surrender all other knowledge for a critical acquaint-

ance with the languages and literature of antiquity. But his taste for elegant literature was broad enough to cover the whole field of poetry, the drama, romance and fiction; and it may be said, without much fear of contradiction, that, from the time of Chaucer—with whom English literature may be said to have begun—through the long intervening period, marked by so many immortal names, to that of Byron, Scott and Campbell, there were few among us who could boast of more intimate familiarity. He was remarkable for the possession of powers not only exalted, but diversified. At one time pondering, with Mansfield and Eldon, the most abstruse questions of jurisprudence, and at another poring over some story of love, with all the devotion of a youthful heart, surely there is something in this to distinguish him from common men, and to unite him, by more than usual ties, with universal humanity. And so it was. He was a brother to all. Neither official rank, nor genius, nor learning, interposed a bar between him and the least distinguished of mortals. He was the most accessible of men; and, in his intercourse with the world, was remarkable for a child-like simplicity. He was full of sympathy—of a benevolence so generous, that it might be seen “welling out of the heart, like water from a crystal brook.” To sum up the whole: as a man, he was pre-eminent in intellect, and noble in virtue; as a judge, learned and profound, and ever guided in the administration of justice by the rules laid down by Sir Matthew Hale, for his own official conduct, which Lord Campbell declares should be inscribed in letters of gold on the walls of Westminster Hall.

On the list of Recorders, we would point to William Drayton. We think this sketch sufficiently full, and feel authorized, from the notice of our author, to pronounce him the model officer. He filled the office of Recorder of the city of Charleston; but we are told that, in the Appeal Court, his rulings were rarely reversed, and that his report of a case, including his charge, was not unfrequently adopted as the judgment of that Court.

We have sketches of four of our Attorney-Generals, and we think we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say, that we have here presented one of the brightest constellations in our firmament. What Carolinian is ignorant of the fame of J. J. Pringle, Hugh S. Legaré, Robert Y. Hayne and Henry Bailey? In the peculiar station which gives them a place in these volumes, they were, perhaps, equally distinguished. We confess, at least, that, eminent as all of them are, we will not undertake the task of estimating their comparative excellence. In other fields, some of them—and this is particularly true of Legaré and Hayne—achieved the highest success, and shed additional lustre upon their State. We had some acquaintance with the last three, and believe that no language of eulogy would be too extravagant. In the list of United States District Attorneys, our author gives us the names of Thomas Parker and John Gadsden. Both proved themselves worthy of their exalted position, and enhanced the honour of their profession and the glory of their State. His Honour sketches thirteen Solicitors. A few of these were remarkable men. Davis and Elmore were transferred to positions of still greater prominence, and are remembered for

their brilliant services, and their melancholy death, in the fulness of their strength and power. We can make no more than the most general allusion to the members of the Bar. Our author satisfies us, however, that, in talent, in zeal and learning, they will compare favourably with the Bar of other States. The list commences with some of the proudest names in our history—Thomas Pinckney, Edward Rutledge, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Charles Pinckney. If we are permitted to follow the ordinary rule, of judging the character of the building, from the nature of the foundation, we are sure, from this beginning, we are fairly permitted to indulge the most hopeful anticipations. South Carolina may well be proud of her Bar; and we conceive that our author, as meagre as are some of his sketches, has, upon the whole, done it full justice, and placed the fact beyond question, that she may point to it with a proud satisfaction. Having had a personal acquaintance with many of them—even with some of the ancient worthies, such as Goodwyn, Ford and Nibbs—we might impart an additional share of interest, if our limits allowed us; but we forbear.

We have thus given a very hurried and imperfect account of the "Bench and Bar of South Carolina." We cannot refrain from calling distinct attention to the fact, that, throughout the long period embraced by our author—amid the multitude of varied character which has been presented to the reader—we have found so little to bring the blush of shame upon the face even of the most sensitive. Judge O'Neill declares that he has written for his "young countrymen" of Carolina, and we can conscientiously state that he has exhibited the noblest models for their

imitation. There is a deep philosophy in the remark of Arnold, that, by continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and, as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence, impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities which we admire. Nor are the living members of the profession behind the dead. They glory in the fame of those who have trodden the Halls of Justice before them; and, whether we contemplate the present Bench of Judges, or the present members of the Bar, the ancient honour of the profession remains in all its lustre and renown. We would not be invidious, but it would be easy to point to living men who are unsurpassed in our history. It is matter for regret that the sketches of certain individuals are not more complete. But here we would speak with qualification, and save ourselves the reproach of casting a censure for a failure to accomplish that which, in some instances at least, was an impossibility. In reference to many who lived in the earlier periods of our history, the most laborious research—the most persevering industry—could reap no higher reward than the ascertainment, perhaps, of the mere name. An eminent modern author remarks, that the historian of a remote period must be a sort of Belzoni or Layard. There are few toils more severe than the search among “original documents.” He who thinks that he can lay his hands on what he wants, is very much mistaken. Even when it is there, it may elude his search, by being buried amid loads of rubbish; and the want of original order and

system, and the havoc of Time—conjoined with the Vandal handling of others, who place no value upon them—may demand the highest skill of the archæologist to disentomb them, and bring them again to the light of day. Well does Rogers say, that, to unearth and collect documents, is not unfrequently as difficult as to recover the memorials of Egypt from the pyramids, or of ancient Assyria from the mounds of Nineveh.

The author tells his readers, that the book has been “the work of the last twelve months, or more.” All know his multifarious labours—his busy life. He had to steal the time from other and more engrossing pursuits, and it was of necessity written in fragments. The work consists of one thousand and forty-five pages; and, from the nature of it, much research, a minute attention to particulars, and profound reflection, in respect to the qualities by which the subjects of his sketches are discriminated, were demanded. To us, it is wonderful, that a work of such magnitude could have been accomplished, under the circumstances, within so brief a period. It is a proud monument of his industry and ability. But sure we are, that had he allowed himself more time, he would have done ampler justice to himself, and some of the subjects of his sketches. We have not forgotten our pledge to deal with our author in a spirit of strict justice, feeling assured that, as no one is more in love with justice than himself, he will be among the first to commend the effort. It may be he does not at all times give sufficient reasons for his preferences and conclusions; but philosophy has recognized an order of indemonstrable truths, and we will take for granted what Pascal has affirmed, that “the heart has its reasons, which reason knows

nothing about; we know it in a thousand ways." His Honour is a gentleman of heart, of feeling. Warm, impassioned and oratorical in his nature, he is prone to express himself on all the occasions of life, with perhaps too little condition and qualification. It may be that sometimes he imparts to his opinions a too great intensity, and gives them a depth of colouring which belongs to Rembrandt. Let us add, however, that there never was a man of extraordinary warmth and fervour, who was not so. Such men make up the roll of martyrs. Whether we look among historians, statesmen, orators, jurists, or theologians, we find it alike the fact; and the world, long since, has found ample excuse for the unqualified manner in which the matchless Luther has laid down his propositions.

But the great question with the reader, and the public—and the question we may add, too, by which merit is generally determined—is, *will the Book live?* We are reminded of Rogers, in his splendid essay, "The Vanity and Glory of Literature:" "that it is with no cynical but, with simply mournful feelings that we dwell on the mortality of the productions, even of genius." And we cannot forget the sad induction of Jeffrey, in reference to the final destiny of authors. How many pant for literary glory! And of all the ways of achieving earthly immortality, this is probably, with most aspirants, the most plausible and the most seductive. The probability of permanent fame has been made a matter of arithmetical calculation; and few, indeed—not one in hundreds—can hope to survive beyond their generation. It is true, that bad books will perish; but it is not true, that the good will survive. It is a melancholy

fact, that a work of genius may perish. "Not the bad writer alone is forgotten. Immense treasures of thought, of beautiful poetry, vivacious wit, ingenious argument—which men would not suffer to die, if they could help it—must perish too." This may be so—but still there is a consolation in authorship. The elder Pliny observes, that scarcely any book was ever written—not positively immoral—which did not contain something valuable. The remark is repeated by Leibnitz and Gibbon; and a living English author, with great truth and beauty, observes, that the world of intellect, in this respect, is like the world of matter; that in both alike, death is itself the germ of life, and new forms of glory and beauty spring from the dust of desolation. It is surely something to act a conspicuous part, even within the limited period of one's day and generation. The highest efforts of virtue are disinterested, and though the man may be forgotten, his labours in moulding the opinions of his times, and in establishing the supremacy of right and justice, may tell upon ages far, far in the future. The good man lives not for himself, but for the great cause of Truth; and free from the unholy ambition of an earthly immortality, he is willing to rest in oblivion, if he can, in any way, subserve the interests of his race. This, we know, is a kind of reward which will satisfy the highest ambition of our author; but placing a great value upon the work, regarding it as one of the most interesting which was ever issued from the Southern Press, and written by a gentleman who has certain qualifications not possessed by others, we will be rash enough to venture the opinion, that the people of Carolina will not let it die, and that it is therefore a can-

didate for immortality. As the book has interest for the public at large, we doubt not that the first edition will be soon exhausted; and then freed, as it will be, from the numerous typographical blunders which deform it, and with the additional merit of a more complete sketch of certain individuals, it will be, in a still higher sense, a proud monument of the industry, patriotism and ability of the writer.

We do not think proper to give a minute sketch of our author; still, we would regard our labour as very incomplete, if we failed to allude to his long and valuable services to the State, and to set forth, to some extent, at least, the peculiar qualifications which he enjoys, for the performance of his task. He was educated in the South Carolina College, and when twenty-three years of age, was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and finally reached the position of Speaker of that body. In 1828, he was commissioned Associate Judge. In 1830, he was elected Judge of the Court of Appeals, and from that period until December, 1835, discharged, with Johnson and Harper, the arduous labours of that Court. At this time, this separate Court of Appeals was abolished, and the Law and Equity Courts re-organized. Johnson and Harper were transferred to the Equity Bench, and O'Neill to the Law Bench. A new Court of Appeals, from both the Law and Equity Courts, was now established, consisting of all the Judges and Chancellors. Each Court in its province had separate appellate jurisdiction, and together constituted a Court of Errors. Judge O'Neill, on the death of Judge Richardson, in 1850, became the President of the Court of Law Appeals and Court of Errors. For years past, there has

been a strong disposition to return to the separate Court of Appeals. This was done at the last session of the Legislature, December 1859, and Judge O'Neill placed at the head of it, with title of Chief Justice of South Carolina. This revival of the old Court of Appeals, which fell a victim to political considerations, is, we conceive, a signal proof of the wisdom of the General Assembly. We think we speak the united testimony of the Bar, when we declare that the Court of Three shed upon the State a flood of Judicial glory, unparalleled in her legal history. Let us not be suspected of casting an imputation upon the eminent men who have occupied seats on the Bench since its abolition; for the fault is the fault of the system, and not of the Judges. There was a time, when the decisions of the Court of Appeals were of authority in *all the States of the Union*; but this has long since ceased to be so. We repeat, we cast no censure; we concede equal learning, ability and devotion. The matter has been so thoroughly discussed in our General Assembly, by our ablest lawyers, that the reasons for a separate Court of Appeals may be said to be patent to all. We claim no more than Judge O'Neill deserves, when we say that he has not been surpassed by any of his associates on the Bench, in the amount and value of his labours. No more handsome compliment could have been paid him, than his election to the office of Chief Justice, by our last Legislature. Thus the mantle of John Rutledge, has been cast upon him; and the past affords every security that he will wear it with dignity and honour. But as distinguished as Judge O'Neill has been in the Legal profession, we cannot close without an allusion to his labours in other fields of ex-



er tion, because of the moral lesson which it inculcates. It is truer of him, than of any other with whom we are acquainted, that he has always found time for every good work. A prominent member of the Christian Church, he is ever ready to battle for the cause of his Redeemer. Whether a Railroad is to be built, the drunkard to be reclaimed, the agricultural interest to be promoted—whatever may be the call made upon him by his fellow-citizens—he is found foremost in the ranks, and struggling with characteristic energy and enthusiasm.

We have now seen him in possession of the highest honours, and most enviable positions in the Commonwealth. There are always those who do not value a

man by his titles and dignities; and we have no quarrel to make with them, as we know that success in worldly distinction is not an infallible test of merit. Most true is it, that a man is to be valued for what he has in him, and not for what he has about him. Old Montaigne says, that in purchasing a horse, you will see him stripped of his housing clothes; you will see him naked, and open to your eye; so, in man, you will measure him without his stilts; you will let him lay aside his revenues, and his titles, and present himself in *his shirt*. This is an *experimentum crucis*, and though most severe, we are willing that our readers should make it upon his Honour, and we await the result without fear and trembling.

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“A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every part—that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.”—*Addison*.

“Our follies are our most effectual instructors; and the strongest resolutions of manhood flourish best in the soil, in which the extravagances of youthful hopes have found a grave.”

“Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you, feel it.”

“There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed, when the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.”

## THE TWINS OF THE HÔTEL CORNEILLE.

(From the French.)

CHAP. III.—CONCLUDED.

Louis passed the summer at Vichy, and returned in the month of October. He brought back a tall white servant and a large black horse. He had inherited them from an Englishman who had died of the spleen between two glasses of the water. He announced his return to me through the medium of the superb Jack, whose mouse-coloured livery excited my profoundest admiration. Jack wore on his buttons the arms of the Baÿs, without doing me homage as their author.

The handsomest of my friends received me in a suite of rooms overflowing with masculine coquetry. There was not one of those knick-knacks that betray a woman—not even an embroidered chair-cover! The dining-room was furnished with oak; the drawing-room, hung with crimson satin, had an air of propriety, richness and comfort. The library was full of dignity; you would have taken it for the worthy retreat of an author who was writing the history of the Crusades. In the bed-room there was an immense piece of tapestry, representing the justice of Alexander; a toilette-table of white marble, on which the magnificent contents of a dressing-case were spread out in perfect order; some arm-chairs; and a four-posted bedstead—a monastic bed—a bed three feet wide at the utmost. The walls bore no contradiction to what the furniture promised. In the draw-

ing-room there were landscapes, a sketch by Corot, and some studies marked Villeville, Varennes and Lambinet. In the dining-room, a hunting-piece by Mélin, some poultry by Couturier, and dead game in the style of Phillippe Rousseau. In the library, there were panoplies of arms, canes and riding-whips, and some engravings of a severe and serious nature. In the bedroom, five or six family portraits, bought from the second-hand shops in the *Rue Jacob*. Furniture, pictures, engravings and books, all sung loudly, and in chorus, the praises of Louis. Mothers-in-law might come!

My first idea on entering was to look around for a cigar, but Louis no longer smoked. He knew that cigars, which are a charming bond of union between men, have no such effect in arranging marriages; and that tobacco equally offends bees and women, those winged creatures.

He recounted to me his summer's campaign, and triumphantly displayed about twenty-five or thirty visiting-cards, which represented as many invitations for the winter.

"Read those names," he said, "and see if I have been wasting powder and shot on sparrows."

I was astonished to find only names belonging to the *Chaussée d'Antin*. "Why this preference?" I asked. "Balzac's heroes all frequent the Faubourg St. Germain."

"They had their reasons for going there, and I have mine for staying away. In the *Chaussée d'Antin*, my name and my title will be of great service to me, whereas they will be against me in the *Faubourg*. Announce a Marquis in the *Rue Lafitte*, and fifty persons will turn towards the door—in the *Rue l'Université* not one would lift an eye. The lacqueys themselves are *blasés* on the Marquis chapter. Besides, these nobles of ancient date know each other; they would understand instantly that I do not belong to them. They would not ask to see my genealogical tree, but they would whisper to each other that nobody had ever seen it. My marquisate would be blown to the winds and I with it. Moreover, large fortunes are very scarce in the noble *Faubourg*. I have made inquiries: there are a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, so old that everybody has heard about them; so clear, so positive, that everybody wants them: around each heiress there are twenty aspirants for the honour of her hand—I should look well as the twenty-first. Now, in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, what a difference! In the drawing-room of the smallest banker, or the most modest stock-broker, you can see dancing in the same quadrille a dozen colossal fortunes ignored by the public. This one dates from twenty years ago; that one from yesterday. One came out of a sugar-refinery at Auteuil, another from a factory at Mulhouse; one has just arrived from Manchester, the other has recently disembarked from Chandernagor. All the strangers are in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. In this noisy crowd, brilliant with gold and sparkling with diamonds, people meet, converse, fall in love and marry, in less time than it takes a dowager Duchess to open her snuff-box. It is in these troubled

waters where every one knows the value of time, and everybody is on the alert like myself, that I intend to throw my nets and capture my fish!"

He then read me a passage from the "*Lily of the Valley*," which contained the rules for his conduct. It is the last letter of *Mme de Mortsauf* to the young *Vandenesse*. We then re-read the advice of *Henry de Marsay* to *Paul de Manerville*: then Louis called for his breakfast, and then he gave two hours to his toilet—exactly two hours—just as *M. de Marsay* did.

I saw him often enough during the winter to remark that he practised, with extraordinary care, every lesson of his master. If it be true that work merits reward, and that all trouble should be repaid, Louis ought to have caught his heiress. He showed himself everywhere, at those hours when one ought to be seen. He galloped about the *Bois de Boulogne*, every evening, as regularly as if he were paid for it. He never missed the first representation of a play at any fashionable theatre, and he was as assiduous at the Italian opera, as if he liked music. He never refused an invitation; never lost a ball; never forgot to pay a visit afterwards. (For this last trait, I especially admire him.) His dress was exquisite; his boots, perfect; his linen, miraculous. I was ashamed to go out with him, even on Sunday. But he never seemed ashamed to be seen with me, and often I accompanied him, in the *coupé* which he had hired for six months, and on which he had forced the coach-maker to paint his arms.

In society, he recommended himself by two accomplishments which rarely go together: he was a dancer and a talker. He danced

so well, that he was said to be witty to the very soles of his feet. He had an arm strong enough to support a leaden lady. All the women who danced with him, felt that he showed them off to advantage. They were pleased with themselves, and, consequently, were pleased with him. But, after a waltz, or a quadrille, he would take his seat in the midst of a group of dowagers of a certain age, and then admiration rose to enthusiasm. He had too much good taste to launch compliments at folks' heads; but he made his neighbours find ideas, and the most foolish appeared to grow interesting, by being brought in contact with his cleverness.

Never did he permit himself to indulge in the sweets of scandal. He never remarked upon absurdities, and he jested charmingly about everything, without wounding anybody; and this is by no means easy. He had no political opinions, because he was yet unaware into what family love might carry him. He thought about himself, he watched himself, and he kept himself in order, without showing it. Twenty times in an evening he said to himself, "My daughter, sit up."

Precisely as he was gracious with women, just so was he reserved with men. His coldness bordered on impertinence. It was still another way of paying his court to his especial objects—a round-about way of telling them, "I live only for you." The weaker sex is very sensible to the homage of the stronger, and it is a double pleasure to bend so proud a head. His loftiness was too evident not to be noticed. He fought three duels, and acquitted himself handsomely, each time correcting his adversary, at the point of the sword; but the worst off of the three was only a

fortnight in bed, and Louis had many compliments upon his moderation and gallant bravery.

He never gamed: he threw away money, but he did it wittingly. He never refused a concert-ticket, nor a lottery-ticket: no citizen of Parisian drawing-rooms ever paid his contributions more generously. He knew how to empty his pocket-book gracefully into the purse of a fair *quêteuse*, or to write himself down for twenty louis on the tablets of some charitable lady. He laid out a great deal for show, and very little for pleasure; reckoning as useless all expenditure that had no witnesses. He made no debts; he had no mistresses; he avoided everything that could arrest his progress; he wished to succeed quickly and without reproach. It is a blessing which I hope you may attain.

In spite of such laudable efforts, in three months he had spent thirty-five thousand francs, without finding what he was looking for. Perhaps he needed a little suppleness. I would have liked to see him a little more yielding. There was certainly a touch of the Breton obstinacy about him, that might have scared off Hymen. He was too decided, too sinewy, too stiff. It was an admirably built machine: but you heard the noise of the wheels. A coquettish woman over thirty could have given his manners the polish they needed; and if fame speaks true, he might have had professors for the asking—but his plan was laid out, and he accepted nobody's lessons.

When I paid him my New Year's visit, he passed in review the preceding three months. He had only found three possible objects, and they were not up to his mark—one was a flighty widow, slightly ruined; the second was a Russian princess, richer than the first, but

followed by three children of a former marriage; and the third was the daughter of a speculator in bad odour.

"I can't understand it," he said, with a certain bitterness, "I have friends, and no enemies: I know all Paris, and I am known: I go everywhere—I am welcome everywhere: I am fairly launched,—more than that, I ride securely on the waves of society, and I attain nothing! I march straight towards my goal, without faltering on the road; and the goal seems to recede before me. If I were seeking impossibilities, I might explain it; but what do I ask? A woman of my own condition in life who loves me. It is not a supernatural thing! Matthew found easily, in his little world, what I pursue vainly, in mine. And I am far superior to Matthew."

"In looks, I grant you. Do you hear from them?"

"Not often: happy people grow selfish. The licentiate is improving his land: he is putting on marl, sowing buck-wheat, planting trees: all such stuff! His wife is as well as her interesting situation permits. They look for the arrival of Matthew No. 2, in the month of April."

"I need not ask you if they are still in love."

"Just as much as if they had come out of Noah's ark. Mamma and Papa are on the knees of their heart before the dear daughter-in-law. M'me Bourgade is charming: it appears that she is a most elegant and refined creature. All of them are busy, amused, and adore each other: they are really happy."

"You have never had the weakness to think of joining them, with the relics of your fifty thousand?"

"Good Heavens! no. I prefer my *ennuis* to their pleasures. Be-

sides, it is not time yet, for me to go and hide myself."

A week later, and he summoned me into the school parlour. He was radiant.

"Brrr!" he shivered, "it is not warm here."

"Fifteen degrees above zero, my dear fellow, that's the rule."

"The rule is not as chilly as I, then. But, I bring you great news."

"You have found her?"

"I have found her!"

Louis had remarked the charms and the *distingué* air of a little woman, so fragile and so delicate, that her perfections ought to have been admired under a microscope. He had waltzed with her, and several times he thought he would lose her, she was so light, and it was so difficult to hold firmly such a gossamer substance: he talked to her, and was charmed: she prattled away with a little red-wing voice, which was melodious enough to almost make him believe in Ovid's metamorphoses. This feminine warbler flew from one subject to another with delicious volubility. Her ideas seemed to flutter about at the caprice of the air, just like the marabouts which trimmed the flounces of her dress. Louis asked the name of this young lady, who so much resembled a humming-bird, and discovered that she was neither wife nor widow, but was called M'lle de Stock. The world gave her credit for being twenty-five years old, and a great fortune. Immediately on hearing this, Louis fell in love with her.

He requested to see the young lady's father, and the Baron de Stock was pointed out to him. The Baron, at this moment, was playing *écarté* and losing with all the indifference of a millionaire. M'lle de Stock seemed prettier than ever. The Baron wore several very cred-

itable-looking foreign decorations. "Mlle de Stock is adorable," thought Louis. He had himself introduced to the Baroness, a noble German doll, covered with old, smoky diamonds. This worthy woman pleased him at once. Perhaps he might have thought her rather stupid, if she had not had so witty a daughter. Perhaps Mlle de Stock might have lacked dignity in his eyes if she had not had so majestic a mother.

He danced all evening with the pretty Dorothea, and murmured many gallant words that were very nearly words of love. She replied with a coquetry which showed no dislike. The Baroness invited Louis to her receptions, which took place every Wednesday: he did not fail to go. M. de Stock lived in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld, in a little hotel which he owned. Louis knew all about furniture since he had bought his own, and he was able to estimate, at its proper high value, the Stock carpets, curtains, chairs, &c. The servants, in their purple livery, were square-headed, and with a strong German accent that delighted him. He recognized in them ancient servitors of the family, vassals, perhaps, born under the shadow of Castle de Stock. The style of the house announced an income of sixty thousand francs. The day on which Louis was kindly welcomed by the Baron, smiled upon by the Baroness, and tenderly glanced at by their daughter, he might well say without presumption: "I have found her!"

Towards the middle of January he knew that Dorothea was to take up a collection for the poor at Notre-Dame-des-Lorettes. He galloped me through my breakfast on this Sunday morning, and dragged me off at the appointed time. I recognized Mlle de Stock

by his description, but he had forgotten to tell me that she was as brown as a Maltese. When the Mass was ended, the faithful passed out, one by one, before the *quêtes*, who knelt at each door of the church. Dorothea solicited their charity with a look full of worldly grace.

I put two cents in the red velvet purse,—a poor scholar's mite; Louis bowed to the fair *quêteuse* as if he had been in a drawing-room, and gave a thousand franc note.

"How much have you left?" I asked, as we reached the vestibule.

"Thirteen thousand francs and some cents."

"It is not much."

"It is enough. The alms I bestowed just now will be returned to me a hundred fold."

I said no more, but I thought of Matthew's ten francs. When we returned to the Rue Provence, my charitable friend gave me some ideas about the life led by the Lords of Germany in their ancestral castles. He painted glowingly those great repasts watered with the wines of Tokay and Johannisberg; those festivals brilliant with uniforms and ribbons; those saloons where the Duke of Richlieu's court dress is still the fashionable costume; and then he turned to those wonderful hunts, those tremendous battues, after which hares are counted by the thousand, and nothing but venison is sold by every butcher thirty miles around.

Some days after this, the Baron came to visit Louis at ten o'clock A.M. Such a step was a good omen. M. de Stock looked carefully about him; any one would have thought himself in the apartments of a young man of family. The Baron was enchanted. He was a good creature, this noble German. All the world knew that



he had been a banker at Frankfurt, and yet he never spoke of his fortune. No one disputed his high birth, and yet he never spoke of his titles. By these tokens Louis recognized the true gentleman.

On his own side, my friend was too delicate to attribute to himself an imaginary fortune. He let people's imaginations run riot, but he boasted of nothing. When he spoke of his family, he simply said, "My parents reside on their estates in Bretagne;" and certainly this was no falsehood. I observed to him that in the end everything must be discovered. "What does that matter," he replied, "the Baron is rich enough to allow his daughter to make a love-match. Dorothea loves me: she has told me so. When her parents find out that I am necessary to her happiness, they will overlook many things. Besides, I shall confess everything before I marry."

Meanwhile, they exchanged little notes every evening under the shadow of a handkerchief or a fan, and the Baroness seemed to be amused with these pretty tricks: she gave the reins to her daughter's heart, and permitted her to adore M. de Bay.

On one of the last days of February, Louis took courage and asked an audience of M. and M<sup>me</sup> de Stock, who, forewarned by Dorothea, received him with solemn cordiality.

"M. le Baron, M<sup>me</sup> la Barone," said he, "I have the honour to demand the hand of your daughter. As regards my fortune"—

The Baron interrupted him with a lordly gesture. "Stop, M. le Marquis I beg of you. All Paris knows you, and my daughter loves you: I desire to know nothing more. Were your name obscure,

your fortune insignificant, I should still say, "Dorothea is yours."

He embraced Louis, and the Baroness gave him her hand to kiss. "You do not understand our romantic Germany," she said. "This is the way we all feel—at least among the higher classes."

In the midst of his joy, Louis was miserable at the thought of his deception. "I can't abuse the confidence these honest, whole-souled people place in me," he said to himself: "I should be a scoundrel if I did." He then added aloud, "M. le Baron, the noble confidence you have shown, forces me to give you some details"—

"M. le Marquis, you will seriously disoblige me by your persistence. I shall begin to believe you are anxious for me to give you proofs of my rank and fortune."

Here the Baroness gave her son-in-law elect a look which seemed to say "Don't insist: he is very touchy."

"So let it be," thought Louis, "we will explain ourselves on the day for signing the contract."

But the Baron would not hear of a contract.

"Between gentlemen," he exclaimed, "these engagements, these signatures, these guarantees are humiliating precautions. Do you love Dorothea? Yes. Does she love you? I am certain of it. Why, then, put a notary between you? I fancy your love will live very well without stamped paper."

"But if, sir, you are deceived as to my position"—

"But, foolish boy, who can deceive me? I have heard nothing: I know nothing of you, except that you please my daughter, my wife, myself and everybody. I don't care to know anything more. Am I in need of your money? If you are rich, so much the better. If you are poor, so much the worse. Say

as much of me, and we are quits. Let us put it on this footing: you have nothing, my daughter has nothing: your name is Louis, hers is Dorothea, and I give you my paternal benediction. Are you satisfied?"

Louis wept for joy. Dorothea entered. "Come here, my daughter," said the Baroness, "Tell the Marquis that you marry him not for his fortune, nor for his name, but for himself."

"Dear Louis," said Dorothea, "I love you with my whole heart."

Shetold the exact and literal truth.

Louis was married in March: it was time! the wedding presents to his bride devoured the last thousand francs. I was not groomsman on this occasion: the groomsmen were great people. Matthew could not come to Paris: he could not leave his wife. He charged me to give him a minute account of the festivities, and I believe I accomplished my task with success. Dorothea, in her dress of white uncut velvet made a sensation. She was called the little brown angel. After the ceremony there was a dinner of forty persons at the Baron's, and Louis did me the honour of an invitation. He presented me to his wife. "My dear Dorothea, this is one of my old schoolmates; I hope that you will welcome him warmly: our best friends are not those who are the most brilliant, but those who are the most reliable."

"Sir," said the lovely Dorothea, "you will always be most welcome to me. I hope that Louis' friends will all be mine. Do you understand German?"

"No, madam, to my great shame be it said. And now, I particularly regret not being able to read 'Hermann and Dorothea' in the original."

"Your loss is not much, believe me. An emphatic pastoral: a

flageolet air performed upon the ophicleide. You have better authors in France. What think you of Balzac? He is my speciality."

The conversation of the pretty Marchioness and the pleasure of dancing made me forget the rules of the school. I got back an hour too late, and was under arrest for a fortnight. As soon as I was at liberty I went to see Louis. I found him alone, occupied in tearing his hair, which you know was very fine.

"My friend!" he cried out in a lamentable voice, "I have been cruelly deceived."

"Already!"

"My father-in-law is as rich as I, as noble as I: he is named Stock in one syllable, and his whole fortune consists of twenty thousand francs of debts."

"Impossible!"

"By no means. My wife told me the whole story at once. There were not five hundred francs in the house on our wedding day."

"But the house alone is worth a hundred thousand."

"It is not paid for. Mr. Stock was rich five or six years ago; he left off business with an income of thirty thousand francs, but he has a rage for gambling. He played away everything. At the beginning of the winter nothing remained of his splendour but those ridiculous orders, (which he bought cheap in some of those little Northern courts,) a few decent acquaintances, the habit of spending money, a passion for play, and fifty thousand francs. He thought it an ingenious plan to lay out this capital on Dorothea, and to come to Paris, where, in that infernal Chaussee d'Antin he expected to find a son-in-law rich enough to take charge of his daughter, feed and lodge himself and his wife, and to give him every summer a few louis d'ors to

lose on the banks of the Rhine. Is it not infamous?"

"Gently, gently," I said, "may he not be saying the same of you?"

"What a difference! I did not deceive him. I wished to show him frankly the state of my affairs. It was he that insisted upon closing my lips. I know why now, and his 'noble confidence' no longer astonishes me. It is he that has dragged me into this gulf, in which we are both rolling."

"Have you had any explanation?"

"I rushed after him immediately to overwhelm him, and I beg you to believe that I did not spare my eloquent reproaches. Instead of recrimination, do you know what he replied? He took my hand, and in a most friendly, pathetic voice, said, 'It is great ill-luck. We might each of us have found a fortune: it is most sad that we should have met.'"

"Very justly spoken."

"What is to become of me?"

"Is it my advice that you ask?"

"Certainly: you have not anything else to give me."

"My dear Louis, there is but one honourable way of ending this. Sell everything—pay your debts—hide yourself in some quiet, cheap quarter—study, pass your examination, be a lawyer. Gradually—for you have talent—you will regain your lost time, and money, too."

"Yes: if I were not married. My dear friend, you know nothing. Balzac has proved years since, that a single man may attain to anything, but a married one wears out his strength battling against the cook's accounts and the house-keeping book. Could I live or work with a wife, a father-in-law, and a mother-in-law packed into some hole at four hundred francs a year! I should sink under it."

"Then try another plan. Carry

off your new family to Bretagne. Uncle Yvon's house is large enough for all of you: they will add a leaf to the table and a dish to the dinner."

"We should ruin them."

"Not at all. Fanny will buy one dress less every year, and Matthew will prolong the existence of the famous brown coat."

"Oh! I know the goodness of their hearts. But you don't know the Stocks. My wife has a love for society, but her parents have a rage for it. Mrs. Stock passes hours before her mirror, making curtsseys. Mr. Stock will never answer for Bretagne. He would look glum in return for the hospitality he receives, and would reproach us for the bread he eats."

"Very well, leave them to take care of themselves in Paris, and carry off your wife. She is young, she will improve."

"But I can't leave the old man, on the high road to Clichy; he is my father-in-law, after all."

"I am glad to see that you feel some pity for him. But now, I am at the end of my list, and have nothing further to suggest. It is your turn to invent."

"I shall ask for some place. People will suppose that I don't need it, and they will give it to me."

He asked for a place, got none, and wasted a month in useless researches. Then came a letter from Matthew. Fanny was the mother of a glorious boy. "You shall be god-father," wrote Matthew, and pretty aunt Dorothea will not surely refuse to be god-mother. Make haste and come to us; the bed is ready; put the horses to the carriage."

Although Louis had never found courage to tell his misfortunes to his family, the poor boy tried to keep up his spirits. While selling

his pictures to get his daily bread, he was tender and devoted to his wife. Neither the present distress, nor the uncertain future, could long subdue his natural good temper. Dorothea did her best, likewise. If she wept sometimes, it was in secret. She returned a portion of Louis' wedding-presents to the shopkeepers, and, in spite of lowering clouds, the young couple loved each other, and clung together like two children caught in a storm.

One Thursday, at half-past one o'clock, I was leaving the school, to pay them a visit, when I met in the very middle of the Rue d'Ulm, an old acquaintance, whom I had rather neglected since Matthew's marriage.

"Good morning, Little Gray-beard, were you coming to see me?"

"Yes, sir, and I am very glad to meet you, for I wish to ask your advice."

"Nothing has happened, I hope? Your wife is well? You still work for the city of Paris?"

"Still, sir; and I flatter myself, that my wife and I flourish our brooms in a way that does you honour. No one can ever reproach you for placing us under government."

"You owe me nothing, Little Gray-beard."

"Is Mr. Matthew well? And the ladies?"

"Thank you. Mr. Matthew has a son, and all the family are in perfect health."

"Now, sir, this is what I have to tell. This morning, my wife and I had just got home, and were about to eat our soup, which she had put in the bed to keep warm, when in walks a gentleman—a gentleman about my age and size—and asks me if I lived here when M'me Bourgade was in the house. At first, I answered him right straight "yes." And then he began to ask about this and about that—who

Mademoiselle married, and what was her husband's business—and what she eat for dinner, and how long they staid here, and so on; and when I found that he was pumping me, I would not say any more. I did not like the man's looks! He looks like a rich man! He wanted Mr. Matthew's address, but I don't know why he wants it, so I told him I did not know it, but I might procure it, so he handed me this card, and told me he would pay me well if I brought Mr. Matthew's address to him; and I said, "Sir, I don't need your money; I have two places under Government;—but I have not read the address, for a reason you can understand, and I have brought it to you."

Hereupon, Little Gray-beard produced a large glazed visiting card, on which was engraved, *LOUIS BOURGADE, Hotel des Princes*.

"Louis Bourgade!" cried Little Gray-beard; "that must be a relation."

"Hotel des Princes," I cried, "that must be a rich relation."

"He might have come sooner, when those poor ladies were starving. Now they don't need him."

"That is, probably, why he comes at all, my dear Little Gray-beard. However, he shall have the address. I will go to the Hotel des Princes, and have a talk with this gentleman. If anything comes of it, you shall hear from me."

"A rich relation," I thought, as I walked along. "That is a piece of luck that won't fall to Louis, I fear."

I asked for M. Bourgade, and was conducted to a magnificent suite of apartments, where this lordly gentleman kept me waiting fully ten minutes, which I occupied in villifying him, in a style of vigorous indignation worthy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

When the door opened, I gave

vent to my rhetoric. I was young. I was enthusiastic. I did not even look at my interlocutor: my eyes only served to launch thunderbolts. I presented myself as an old friend of M<sup>me</sup> Bourgade and of her daughter. I drew a pathetic picture of their poverty, their courage, their misery, their virtue. You may well imagine that I did not spare the colours, I did not use neutral tints. I often repeated the name of Bourgade, and each time in Italics.

I produced a great effect. M. Bourgade buried his face in his hands: he seemed overwhelmed. Then I told of Matthew's ten francs, of all his privations, although he never bore the name of *Bourgade*. Excellent Matthew! He robbed himself of the necessities of life, while others could not spare their superfluities! Finally, he had married this deserted orphan: he had conducted her to Auray, to the home of his ancestors: he had given her a name, a future, a family! "And now, Fanny De Baÿ, a happy wife, a happy mother, needs no one's assistance, and can afford to disdain the kindness of a selfish world, especially of those who call themselves *Bourgade*!"

M. Bourgade lifted his head, and I saw his face bathed in tears. "It is my daughter," he said: "I thank you for loving her so much. My dear boy, let me embrace you."

I did not ask him why, nor how, he came to be alive; I made neither questions nor objections; I seized him around the neck and kissed him six times on both cheeks!

However, my first emotion passed, I looked at him with such astonishment that he could not help seeing it. "I will explain everything," he said, "but I have not time now. I am off to Auray: think of my wife and daughter!

Thanks: good-bye: I shall soon see you again."

"Stop, if you please. You must not rush off in this way and fall upon them at Auray like a bomb-shell. You will be taken for a ghost: you will kill your wife and daughter, and the peasants will kill you. Sit down and tell me your history. How did you escape the shipwreck? On a hencoop? on a broken mast?"

"Neither. I was not on board. We stopped a week at Rio Janeiro: I fell in with some old French acquaintances established there, among others a man named Charlier. He persuaded me to stop there, to construct my Bourgade-Separator at Rio, where I could get workmen, instead of going on to California. Rio was on the route to San Francisco; people would supply themselves from me on their way to the mines. He offered himself as my partner; I accepted all his plans, and the house of Charlier, Bourgade & Co. is well known at the Bourse. I soon made five millions."

"What! you are worth five millions?"

"Better than that; but what matters it! Tell me by what terrible ill-luck my letters have never been answered?"

"No doubt you will find them all in the post-office. The news of the loss of the 'Belle Antoinette' came rapidly to Paris. When your first letter arrived, probably those ladies had left their lodgings. I suppose they did not give their new address, fancying that they had nothing to expect from any one."

"You have no idea what I have suffered! To write during two years without reply! The cholera of 1849 here, made me pass many a sleepless night. Finally, I inserted an advertisement in the

'Presse' and the 'Constitutionnel.' No one noticed it. You don't read the papers any of you?"

"I don't very often, and those ladies, never."

"I read them all. It was the 'Siècle' that told me of Fanny's marriage. But now, what are your plans for me? I must go."

My plan was that he should take Louis with him. It was all easily explained and arranged. We went to Louis, and some hours later, he, M. Bourgade and Dorothea were on their way to Auray. At Vannes, M. Bourgade got out, and the bride and groom went on to prepare for the approach of the unexpected guest. We were afraid to be too precipitate. Louis arrived, as he had predicted, in a carriage, but it was one that M. Bourgade had hired and conveyed with them by railroad.

When Dorothea vaguely began to suggest that, perhaps, M. Bourgade was not dead, his supposed widow murmured in return, "Perhaps." She was so accustomed to happiness now, that no joy seemed impossible. Gradually, by little and little, hope entered these brave hearts, and by the time M. Bourgade appeared at Auray, his wife and daughter exclaimed, naively, "We knew you were not dead."

M. Bourgade has not the air of a prince—far from it; neither has he the manners of a parvenu. He deserves to have such a son-in-law as Matthew. When he bestowed

a dowry of two millions upon his daughter, Matthew was covered with confusion. "Good Heavens!" he cried, "I am a perfect intriguer; I have taken advantage of my good looks to marry a fortune."

The DeBay's have built a magnificent residence: the great beauty of their house is that there are no poor around it. Matthew is now a doctor: there are not in France two physicians as rich as he, nor four as laborious. Fanny has a great many children. Louis no longer thinks of imitating *Henry de Marsay*; he has two daughters, and begins to be a little stout below the waistcoat; for these reasons he lives in Bretagne with his family. He has a hundred thousand francs a year, because Matthew has that income. Mr. and Mrs. Stock have crossed the ocean, and the former has a place in M. Bourgade's factory. He makes a great deal of money and gambles it all away. Little Gray-beard and his wife no longer inhabit the *Rue Traversine*: if you wish to make their acquaintance you must go to Auray. They are still remarkable for their talent for sweeping, and keep the house wonderfully clean. Five or six times a year I have news of my friends. Yesterday they sent me a barrel of oysters and a case of sardines: the sardines were excellent, but the oysters had spoiled on the road. What a world of disappointments this is!



[The following beautiful and feeling sketch of the life and death of one among the youngest, but most highly endowed of the authors of Virginia, will, we are sure, be read with general interest.]

It is melancholy to reflect upon the ravages made by death in the distinguished family to which Mr. Edward St. George Cooke belonged. It seems to us but as yesterday, that we were startled by the intelligence of the decease of Philip Pendleton Cooke, in the very vigour of his manhood, and the maturity of his exquisite genius, — and now, the latest scion of the house, which from generation to generation, has given some gallant soldier, or wise scholar to add lustre in action, or in thought, to the already bright annals of "the mother-State," — has, in the "dew, and spring-time of his youth," been taken from the friends who loved him, and the country he would have honoured still further by his labours.

We believe, that but two males of the younger branch of the Cooke family now remain — Jno. Esten, whose rapid and brilliant success as a novelist, has been paralleled by but one other instance in the history of Southern literature — and his elder brother, Philip St. George Cooke, an officer in the United States Army, distinguished for his services on our Western frontiers, and more recently, for his calm courage and determination, during the troubles in Kansas, where the difficult task had been entrusted to him, "of carrying out the instructions of the Administration."

Long may the brothers live, and continue — one in the study, the other in the field — to maintain the hereditary reputation of their race, by winning fresh laurels for themselves, and for the State, towards which, it is evident, they cherish a single-hearted and passionate devotion, not common in these "evil days," when selfishness and venality appear to have banished true patriotism forever from the land. — *Eds. Russell.*]

#### EDWARD ST. GEORGE COOKE.

In December of the last year, the guild of Southern letters, lost, in the person of Edward St. George Cooke, a young but accomplished member, who should not be permitted to pass away without some notice, however brief, of his career. He was one of a family of brothers whose names are familiar in literature — Philip Pendleton Cooke, the accomplished author of "Florence Vane," and John Esten Cooke, whose admirable romances of Virginia life are so well known, and so popular in the South. His father was the late John R. Cooke, Esq., an eminent counsellor in the higher Courts of Virginia; his mother, Maria Pendleton, daughter of Judge Philip Pendleton, of Berkeley, a nephew of the Revolutionary leader.

Edward St. George was born at his father's residence, "Glengary," in Frederick, Va., on the 28th

February, 1836. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and afterwards served for a time in an engineering corps; but this was ere long abandoned for the study of medicine. At the age of about twenty, he entered the Medical College at Richmond, and attended a course of lectures there. His health had been for some time delicate, however, and he was arrested by an attack of heart disease, which nearly terminated fatally, and left him a confirmed invalid. Retiring to the house of his brother, Dr. Cooke, and his sister, Mrs. Anne B. Cooke, at the "Vineyard," in Clarke, he passed his time in the leisurely pursuit of art and letters; dying at the last named place on the 1st of December, 1859, of the disease which had so long afflicted him. Such is a meagre outline of the life of this young gentleman, who, at the age of

twenty-three, had secured not only the warm devotion of all who knew him, but in addition to this, a prominent place in the rising generation of Southern men of letters. He was the author of that exquisitely pathetic sketch in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "In Memoriam," and of other pieces in the same periodical, in the *Knickerbocker*, and various publications of the South. His sketches were characterized by a delicacy of touch, and an artistic symmetry which will entitle them to a highly honourable place in any collection which aims to present the literary productions of Virginia. Their pathos is natural, tender and unforced—the occasional touches of humour subtle and richly suggestive. In addition to this, Mr. Cooke was an accomplished designer with the pencil, and wiled away many hours of his tranquil retirement in this agreeable pursuit. It was as a friend and relative, however, that he shone in the most charming and endearing light. We know what we write, and by no means indulge in eulogy, when we declare that the sentiment inspired by the young author, partook of the tenderest devotion and the deepest respect. We have good reason to be assured that he was inexpressibly dear to his friends, and above all, to his widely extended circle of relations, who mourned for him, and still mourn, as the last hope and pride of an honourable race. The exquisite texture of his moral nature, the sweetness of his temper, and the tenderness of his affections, conciliated this feeling of strong personal attachment; and his mental organization added an earnest respect. There was a noble manhood, a greatness of character, and an unyielding strength of will, where principle was involved, which made him remarkable.

Though exceedingly tranquil and serene in his bearing, and noted for the unassuming and exquisite courtesy of his address, his will was iron, and would have fitted him, in another sphere, and on any great crisis in public affairs, for the leadership of men twice his age. That all who knew him will recognize the truth of this statement, we are well convinced; and it will serve to explain the very unusual degree of influence which he exercised for a person so youthful. This striking moral and mental organization was rounded into symmetry, by a deep and undemonstrative piety. He became a member of the Episcopal Church a year or two before his death, but he had always been religious in his feelings. We think that few human beings of deep nature are otherwise. He proved the strength and depth of his religious convictions upon his death bed, and at the moment when he expired. The shadows before him did not disturb his equanimity in the least degree. He was "as happy as he wanted to be," he said, and the clasped hands, and the eyes raised to heaven, often indicated the direction of his thoughts. In this tranquil state of mind, with only occasional attacks of pain, he saw the beautiful landscape of the Shenandoah valley fade away into the chill panorama of winter. He had loved it long, and rejoiced in its serene loveliness, but he thought of leaving it without any regret, quite convinced in his heart of hearts that a fairer land awaited him. At last, surrounded by friends who were heart and soul devoted to him, and holding the hands of his brothers, and the sister who had nursed and cherished him with a mother's inexpressible tenderness, he expired tranquilly, with as little effort as an infant falling asleep.

We are told that the favourites of Heaven pass away in their youth. It seemed so with him. His life was a benefaction to those who knew him, and his death a tranquil passage from earth to heaven. We have written no mere eulogy. What is here stated will be more than supported by all who were thrown with this eminent young Virginian. It is rather but a faint expression of the truth concerning him. In Virginia letters and society, his death leaves a gap which it will, doubtless, be difficult to again fill.

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THE SYLPH IN THE LAUREL TREE.

I.

There's a Sylph who dwells  
In the laurel tree,  
A marvel of beauty—  
A Joy to see;  
In the sun-burst bright,  
In the soft moonlight,  
Or, the starry watch of the middle-night,—  
She dims the morn,  
The stars, the moon,—  
And a glow from her eëry eyes is born,  
More warm than June—  
And richer than tints of the Tropic noon.

II.

A genial, gladsome Sylph is she,  
The type of a joyous destiny;  
Fly hither and thither  
Her tresses wild—  
Like the unbound locks  
Of a careless child,  
Whom the wooing winds embrace,  
And oh! her face, her exquisite face!  
Through all its mirth,  
And its tinge of earth,  
Ethereal glory gleams,—  
Ah! just the glory that sometimes dawns  
O'er the lucid heights, and the glimmering lawns  
Of the mystic land of dreams.

III.

There's a Sylph who dwells  
In the laurel tree,  
A marvel of beauty—  
A Joy to see;  
At eventide,  
When the stars glow,  
And the south-west breezes faintly blow,

I behold her glide,  
*All glorified*  
 In the passionate pathos of parting Day,  
 Up on a path of fire;  
 And she drinks from the golden skies,  
 As from depths of Paradise,  
 Strange airs whose silvery burdens rise  
 Oh! far away!—  
 From the innermost heart of the Spirit choir,  
 That circles and sings  
 With a splendour of wings,  
 And a gush of song,  
 Which the arching domes of the Heaven prolong,  
 The triumphs of dying Day,  
 The Day beloved,  
 Ere his latest pomps expire.

## IV.

But when the gradual darkness falls,  
 And the pulsing lights on the fields of space,  
 Betoken the reign of stars,—  
 When the awful voice of the night-wind calls  
 On the spirits of sin, and the fiery cars  
 Of the meteor-demons rush and hiss,  
 To sink in the gulfs of a black abyss,—  
 The Sylph, with her snowy wings at rest,  
 And safe as a bird in its quiet nest,—  
 Murmurs a song, by the fairies sung,  
 Ages ago, when the world was young;  
 Oh! the magic sweetness,  
 And rare completeness!  
 The even flow, as of streamlets rolled  
 Over sands of gold,  
 Which make that melody finer far  
 Than the lays of mortal maidens are.

## V.

The strain hath a lulling sound,—  
 The Morphean touch of languid notes;  
 And my soul on the tidal music floats  
 Slowly, peacefully,  
 As barks that traverse a breezeless sea,  
 But conscious of life  
 Divorced from strife,  
 In the spell of a bliss profound.

## VI.

A sigh! and the spell hath passed!—  
 I turn to meet the Orient eyes  
 Of her I love, with an arch surprise,  
 Turned full on mine;  
 And I thrill with the warmth of white arms cast  
 About shoulder and neck; I start and say,  
 "You are fairer, wife, than the fairest Fay.  
 And what are the charms  
 Of sylphs and sprites,  
 What are they all to the dear delights  
 Born from the touch of thy tender arms,  
 And the kiss of thy lips divine?"

## ROLLA, OR THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

NO. IV.—*Concluded.*

We must pass over the space of many days—eventful days in the history of Malta and of Christianity—days of strife and struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, in which the handful of heroic defenders of the former had resisted the utmost efforts of the Mehomedans to break their serried ranks. After the fall of San Elmo, the Turkish commander had lost no time in investing the forts and town on the other side of the narrow bay, and in attacking them with vigour; for they were aware that the Viceroy of Sicily was daily expected, with powerful reinforcements to the Christians, which would render fruitless all further attempts upon the fortress, or, indeed, compromise their own safety upon the island. Strong batteries had been skillfully erected upon commanding hills, on both sides of the bay, which poured an incessant hail of iron and marble-balls upon the battlements, opening wide breaches, through which the storming-parties could gain an entrance. And, night and day, the roar of the artillery was heard, only slackening during the battles, to re-commence when their troops had withdrawn. Several of these had already been given and repulsed, and the losses on both sides had been severe, but, particularly those of the Turkish army, which were very considerable. The morale of the latter was destroyed, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could be prevailed upon to renew the combat. Vainly had Mustapha, Dragut, Hassan and a few more of the other leaders, tried to infuse some of their own perseverance and courage into the veins of their followers. Each time that they went forward, it was with more reluctance, and the time seemed near at hand when complete disorganization must take place. Under these circumstances, a council of war was held, in which Dragut's genius, seconded by the Aga of the Janisaries, prevailed over more irresolute opinions; and it was decided to give the army a respite of a few days, during which time their slumbering fanaticism would be roused by all possible means; while, by bringing more cannon from the ships, which, since the fall of San Elmo, had entered the second bay, where they lay in security, more powerful batteries would be erected, which, in a few hours, would batter down the strongest ramparts. New and broad trenches were

to be opened nearer the bastions, to facilitate the approach of the assailants and offer them more protection against the fire from the forts. And, by his advice, a number of boats were actually drawn over the tongue of land separating the two bays, by means of which the Turkish admiral would send across a strong party of seamen to divert the strength of the Christians from the main attack. With such vast preparations, the courage of the army had again been partly renewed, and they seemed eager to be led forward to what was now considered certain victory, and the assault was ordered for the succeeding day.

Blanche had been faithful to her promise to the knight: she had met Rolla on her return from escorting him, and had never since left her side. At first the despair of the Moorish maiden—who fully believed she had parted with her lover forever—had assumed that fearfully quiet stage, in which a certain wild and haggard look of the eye, and the pallid cheek, are the only signs of the ravages of anguish within. No tear could flow from the parching heart to give it relief; no words of comfort yet found a responding chord. As Rolla had told the knight, love upon her sunny land was a thing that consumed the heart, unless refreshed by the loved presence. But woman's endearing ways, when assisted by the soothing influence of true religion, can ever soften the harsh edges of the most poignant grief, and enlighten the darkest shades of despair. And Blanche was one of the sweetest of her sex; she spoke of the chevalier—of his world-spread renown, and of the

happiness that awaited Rolla, at his side. The grieving soul is like the parched earth, which feedeth the withering plant, and refuseth, at first, to receive the refreshing waters from above, until a drop of the reviving liquid has gently filtered through, when the rest is speedily absorbed. With Blanche's sweet words, hope entered the fair bosom, and the drooping head was again revived, and she listened with eagerness to all her friend could tell her of him who was all to her. Together, they prayed his God to bless him and to protect him in the pending battles. Blanche shared the comfort she had given her friend; for, although she well knew there was no hope that her love could ever be returned, (she could no longer conceal it to herself she loved him passionately,) yet she rejoiced in Rolla's reviving happiness, and prayed that they might meet with no more disappointment, while she, poor, suffering heart, would await them in some happier world. How often, when all earthly hope has fled our bosom, heavenly comfort is there to fill its place.

The eve of the terrible and final assault had arrived, and rumours of its mighty preparations had reached the inmates of the garden, and had filled them with apprehensions at the fate which awaited all, should the Turks succeed, and their fair cheeks had blanched at the terrible danger which threatened the devoted Christians. Rolla's heart was divided and tortured, between the desire to go and die at the side of her lover, and her duty to her father, against whose party she could not dream of raising her hand. She had com-



municated her perplexity to her friend, who had advised her to remain inactive, and trust to God, when a messenger was announced from Dragut, summoning his daughter to lead her body-guard to the morrow's charge. After a moment of thought, she had replied that she would be there.

"Thou?" cried Blanche. "Didst thou say thou wouldst be there to lead thy men against the Christians?"

"Yes! my sister, I will be there: the men, thou knowest, will be there whether I lead them or not: I go, but not a drop of Christian blood shall stain my sword."

"Thou wouldst not".....added Blanche, hesitatingly.

"Neither will I betray the trust reposed in me," continued the Moor. "Blanche, if the Moslem triumph to-morrow there will be a fearful massacre of the Christians. I go to save life, if I may. Perhaps the blessed Mother may lead me to where I can save him even with the last drop of my blood! Think of the happiness to die for him!"

"Oh! why may I not go with thee!" fervently exclaimed Blanche; "perhaps my entreaties, my prayers, might save a life a thousand times more valuable than mine."

"Poor tender blossom!" replied Rolla, "the first blast of the storm would sweep thee from the earth, like the mist before the Sirocco! and thy entreaties would fall upon their ears like the dew drops of heaven upon yon flinty rock! blows alone can rule them!"

"Nay! think not so, dearest Rolla, for the wildest beasts of the desert have been known to yield their prey to the Virgin's prayers! The power of God is infinite."

"Stay then here, and pray for

us: pray that the Christians may triumph, for there the cause is just."

"And, believe me, they will triumph in the end. But if thou goest and defend not thy life, thou wilt certainly be slain."

"My destiny calls me!" solemnly replied the other, "I may not avoid it."

"Thy destiny, Rolla, is in thy God's hand: he wields it at his pleasure. By prayers and *his* permission it may be averted."

"Thinkest thou so?" eagerly cried Rolla. "Oh! then pray, pray for me!" and she bent her head over her hands and remained silent a while; then with a deep-drawn sigh, she added, "to-morrow decides my fate in this world."

All that night the cannon incessantly hurled their huge balls of iron and marble upon the strong walls of the different fortresses, shaking them to the very foundations. Flashes of light from the gaping muzzles illumined the lines, where lay the different batteries which surrounded them. Upon the hills, across the bay, and the arms of the bay, even from the ruins of San Elmo, all was in a blaze of fire, while the deafening roar of the ponderous basilicas were heard to the very shores of Sicily. Nor were the Christians slow in replying to them: their artillery, served with energy by skillful gunners, was pointed wherever a flash would show the presence of a battery, and did considerable execution, shattering their works and silencing many of their guns. The town of Il Borgo, in the centre of which was situated the palace and head quarters of the Grand-Master de La Valette, was almost laid in ruins by the enormous balls of the basilicas, beneath which the modest houses crumbled as though

built of sand; and the most timid and helpless portion of the women and children had clustered around the palace, like sheep around a faithful dog in times of danger. Il Borgo was situated upon a narrow tongue of land formed by two small branches of the principal bay, and at the extremity of which was the strong castle of San Angelo, which commanded the town, the bay and its arms, and completely defended the first from any attack upon three sides: the fourth, or land side, depended for its protection upon the Bastion of Castile, which had resisted many vigorous assaults from the Turks. If it fell, the whole land force of the enemy could be brought against the town, and if that was taken, the doom of the others was sealed. Thus the communications between the different places occupied by the Christians had not, and could not be interrupted without the fall of some of them, which catastrophe it was of vital importance to prevent. As no attack was anticipated during the night, the Grand-Master had divided the garrisons of the forts into three watches, that all might have the needed rest to prepare them for the battle of the next day. The old commander himself, accompanied by some of his highest officers, had walked or ridden the entire night from town to fortress, from battery to battery, inspecting all, directing changes in some, exhorting the men to do their duty as became soldiers of the Cross, or praising others who well deserved his praises. He was everywhere, saw everything, and sleep or rest were luxuries of which he seemed never to partake.

Most prominent among those who accompanied him, was Raoul de Kergolet, whose sudden and unexpected re-appearance was hailed with surprise and joy by the Chris-

tians, with whom he was a most popular officer, and held in high esteem. And the Grand-Master, after hearing as much of his adventures as Raoul had thought proper to relate, had warmly welcomed him as a host in himself. At his side was the old Count de Castellanes, whose heart yet freshly bleeding at the loss of his daughter, whom he thought entombed beneath the ruins of the Italian palace, from which she had been taken by the daring pirate, was now filled with joy to know that she was alive and in safety, and eager to press her once more in his arms; but, at the present moment, they thought and spoke only of the probable attack of the next day, and of the means of resisting it to the best advantage.

La Vallette, although cheerful and confident when speaking to, or exhorting the men, was, nevertheless, apprehensive of the results of the coming contest; and to the officers now going the rounds with him, his earnest tones and troubled brows had fully revealed his thoughts, which, indeed, he did not wish to conceal from them. The night was cloudless and still, and would have been dark were it not for the constant flashes of the cannon, and the glare of the missiles and fireworks, as they crossed each other on their errands of death and destruction.

The knights were returning to the palace, and were crossing the "Place d'Armes," in front of it, when their attention was attracted by a considerable commotion among the crowd of women and children, who had left their ruinous and tumbling homes, and congregated upon the place as affording a shadow of protection. They rode up, and, upon inquiry, discovered that a prisoner had been taken, and was being conveyed to

the Commander for examination, when those who guarded him had been assailed by the mob, and had, with great difficulty, saved him from being torn to pieces. At the well known voice of the Grand-Master the clamour ceased, and the crowd opened a way for him. He spoke, kindly to them, and said he desired to examine the prisoner, who might have something of importance to communicate, which might be the means, perhaps, of saving their own lives, and advised them not to gather in numbers, lest they should attract the attention of the enemy, who would be sure to point their guns upon them, and he desired each and all to spend the night in prayers for the success of their defenders, and to put their trust in God for the rest. They dispersed, blessing the "holy man," as they called him.

The knights returned to the palace, and when they had all taken their seats around the table in the council hall, the prisoner was brought in. "He swam across the bay, my lord," said the leader of the guard, and was taken as he landed upon the shore near San Angelo; he said he had matters of importance to impart, and we lost no time in bringing him here."

"It is well," replied the Grand-Master: "then, in a stern voice—"Fellow, who art thou?"

"This morning I was one of the Corsair's lieutenants: now I am a deserter," boldly replied the man.

"Why hast thou deserted?"

"To return to my allegiance to my God."

"Thou art, then, a vile renegade."

"I am so no longer, my lord."

"I know not how to trust thee: he who has once betrayed his God, may again do it."

"Nay, my lord, he who has re-

pent a crime, may never again commit the same."

"What hast thou to communicate: but take care that thou speak the truth: thy head is not over strong on thy shoulders. Speak and be brief."

"My lords, your enemies have made immense preparations for an attack to-morrow: their fanaticism has been excited to the highest pitch: at the dawn of day, they will simultaneously rush upon you from all points, and the greatest show will be made against the fort upon the hill that you call of St. Michael's, where Mustapha himself will command. But be not deceived: 'tis but a faint to draw your forces and your attention to the point furthest removed from the others. When that is attained, at a signal from the summit of a high hill, Dragut, the corsair, and Hassan, the great Aga of the Janisaries, will rush at the head of their men, the flower of the Turkish army, upon the Bastion Castile, the key of your stronghold, and will carry it by a '*coup de main*.' And, simultaneously, two thousand select men from the fleet, led by Piali himself, will cross the narrow bay in boats and attack the Spur fort from the sea-side, near which they can easily gain a landing. Dragut has sworn to carry the Bastion or die: Hassan swears not, but he is always the last to retreat. Believe me, there is danger for the Bastion."

"Hast thou aught else to say," inquired the Grand-Master, sternly.

"I have spoken all I had to tell."

"Lead the man to San Angelo, and see that he escapes not."

"My lord, I had hoped to be allowed to die to-morrow for that God I have so long offended!"

"Nay! fellow before that privi-

lege be granted thee, we must be certain that thou art true," replied the Grand-Master; "thy head answers for the correctness of thy tale!" The deserter bowed low and was led away.

"A well-laid plan, by my soul," cried the Grand-Master, and worthy of a better cause. Signor de Zanguerra, you have work before you."

"I trust, my lord, that the dog will keep his word for once, to take my Bastion or die," replied the bold Spaniard. "Methinks the latter will be his only chance."

"I have crossed swords once with the chivalrous Aga, and owe him my life," observed Raoul, "and I would fain meet him again in all courtesy upon the ramparts of Castile."

"Nay! Messire Chevalier," answered the commander, "thy presence is required elsewhere. Don Antonio de Zanguerra, do you repair forthwith to your Bastion, and see that all your arms and ammunition are in convenient places, and easy of access. Be sure also to provide wine and water and other refreshments, and to place them where the men can use them with ease, for they will often renew the wasting strength. Count de Castellanes, the Chevalier de Kergolet will accompany you to the Spur. Cannon must be dragged in silence to the water's edge, and erected in such a place that a masked battery will destroy the boats. I will visit you in a short time. Messires Knights your different stations have been assigned you; repair to them without delay, and may the Almighty take you all under his blessed care."

The day at last dawned, the sun rose bright and hot, and the attack had commenced as the deserter had foretold. Mustapha, leading the main Turkish corps, had pushed

a vigorous assault upon the bastion of St. Michael, while smaller forces had assailed the other points susceptible of attack. The commander, de La Vallette, had taken his stand upon the military square of the town of Il Borgo, as being the most central point to issue his orders. A page held his charger, while he himself was seated by a small table, with his secretary, a youth of great beauty and promise, seated in front of him, ready to write such orders as would need being written; a few tall trees, partly shattered by cannon balls, spread above head and afforded them a shade, and screened the party from the view of the enemy's gunners. Near him was a small, but select number of mounted knights as a reserve, and at the head of which he had placed the Chevalier de Kergolet, after his return from the erection of the masked battery near the Spur; they formed a striking contrast with the crowd of terrified, wan, haggard women and children, who huddled together in a remote corner of the square; some weeping, others praying, until some stray ball would fall in their midst, and ploughing its bloody way through the dense mass, scatter them, screaming and running in all directions to crowd again together further off. All around seemed in a blaze; volleys of musketry succeeded each other in rapid succession, and the artillery poured forth its thunders with scarce a moment of intermission, ceasing only when the contending parties had joined in hand to hand conflict: then the cries of defiance and hatred, the groans and screams of the dying and of those trampled under foot, the clash of steel against steel, and the irregular discharges of musketry, formed a more fearful din than the heart-stirring roar of the artillery. A

dense smoke had settled over the place, and, at times, rendered invisible objects but a short distance off, and increased the confusion, if possible, by the uncertainty in which each were thus left of the fate of the others. Constant messengers went to and from the commander to the different forts, conveying orders or receiving tidings, and many of the braver women had devoted themselves to the conveyance of ammunition and refreshments to the troops, or carrying off the wounded and taking care of them, while not a few of them, with a courage often displayed by their sex, had armed themselves and fought behind the ramparts.

"The day waxes hot," observed the old commander, "would that some friendly breeze would clear the smoke;" then addressing a knight, he added—"urge the women on with refreshments for our men in St. Michael's. Mustapha perseveres in his attack."

A messenger came, running in hot haste from San Angelo: "My lord, boats are putting out from the other side of the bay with a large body of men, and direct their course to the Spur!"

"It is well," coolly replied the Grand-Master; "return to your post."

The man looked aghast, but, accustomed to implicit obedience, bowed low, and retired.

"Our deserter is true! Don Cæsaro, hasten to a convenient place, and let me know the result of their reception."—But very few minutes had elapsed, when a terrible discharge of artillery was heard in the direction of the Spur. "Ah!" exclaimed Raoul, "the Count has spoken." All were now eager to know the results of the discharge, and tried to catch some sound, amidst the universal

uproar, which could tell what was going on. A messenger came from Don Cæsaro. "Numerous boats, laden with infidels, came swiftly rowing across the water. San Angelo and the Spur each poured showers of balls upon them; but, from the direction and elevation of the guns, but few told. They were already near the walls of the fortress, and cries of exultations arose from the boats, when lo! a dense volume of white smoke rolls, as though disgorged from the very sand upon the water's edge, followed by a thunder that shook the earth I stood upon, and drove the waters from the land. I knew not whence it came, and cried 'miracle.' The sea is strewn with fragments of boats; with dead, or drowning men; with limbs torn from the body, or carcases fearfully mangled. Some cry for help, to their comrades, while others sink, with curses and imprecations upon their drowning lips. One half the boats have disappeared; but, heedless of their comrades' fate, the others stopped but a second in surprise, and then, with fearful yells, kept upon their course; and Don Cæsaro sent me to relate what I had seen, but still cannot explain."

"Return again, my friend, and bring us more such news," said La Valette to him.

But Don Cæsaro himself was seen hurriedly coming towards them. "My lord," he cried, when near enough, "the rest of the infidels have effected a landing, and, by their numbers, have repulsed our men, who bravely defended the battery; others are still coming."

"Chevalier Raoul," said the Commander, "take thou one-half our reserve, and support the Count." The order was promptly obeyed, and Raoul disappeared in the thickness of the smoke.

Messenger upon messenger had been sent to the Grand-Master, from the bastion of St. Michael, asking for reinforcements, as the Turks incessantly returned to the charge with fresh men and renewed vigour, and the garrison was exhausted. At last de La Valette drew some men from San Angelo and sent them there; but it was a mere handful; and his heart was filled with anguish at the sight of the desperately wounded who were brought for attendance to the *Place d'Armes*—the dead were left where they fell.

By the terrible din upon and around the strong Fort of Castille, he had become aware that the meditated attack had taken place, and his attention was chiefly directed to that quarter, as he dreaded the combined efforts of the best Turkish troops, led by their best officers; but his aids had, again and again, brought cheering word from Don Antonio and Zanoguarra. Every attempt of the enemy had been baffled by the precautions taken, backed by the courage and strength of the invincible garrison of Spanish veterans. Not an inch could the equally courageous enemy gain upon them, spite of all their efforts and perseverance. The day had become intolerably hot, and it seemed as though the combat must soon cease, from the mere exhaustion of the contending parties. There was scarce a breath of air to blow away the dense and stifling smoke which had settled upon the entire battle-ground; and the Christians could not, perhaps, have so well resisted the overwhelming number and perseverance of their assailants, had they not been provided with water and wine, which was brought to them by a number of fearless women. The uproar upon the bastion had considerably subsided, and the

Grand-Master began to hope that the Moslem had been repulsed, and would not again renew their efforts, when a terrible explosion from that quarter shook down the tottering walls of the buildings around, and made the earth tremble under-foot. For the space of a few seconds, all was hushed in utter dismay: consternation was painted upon all countenances, for none knew the cause or consequences of the explosion. Was it the magazine of the fort? or a mine sprung by the enemy? or a countermine fired by the garrison? A breeze partly cleared the smoke, and the erect walls could be dimly seen, while the struggle seemed to be still going on.

"Thank God, for his goodness!" exclaimed the Grand Master, aloud, raising his hands to Heaven—a deep "Amen" was responded by those around.

At that moment a man, covered with smoke and blood, was seen running towards them, with every appearance of terror upon his face. "My lord—my master!" he cried, when yet some distance off, "fly to the Castle of San Angelo; save your precious life and the women; the bastion is taken!" And, as though to prove the truth of his words, a breeze sprang up, and, blowing away the smoke, revealed the broad Turkish standard, floating aloft upon the summit of the ramparts. A cry of horror burst from the multitude around, and a rush was made by the panic-stricken mob for the Castle of San Angelo.

The old commander, however, seizing his battle-axe, cried at the top of his voice, pointing to the bastion: "Yonder is where we must fight and die: follow me, all my brave men. Thou, John," he added, speaking to the youth who had acted as his secretary, "fly to



the Spur, and order de Kergolet, with his reserve, to our support, at all hazards."

A few minutes carried them to the ramparts, where the well-known cry of the Commander of St. John cheered the drooping spirits of the overwhelmed garrison. The explosion had been caused by the springing of a mine by the Janisaries, who, profiting by the dismay and surprise of the Christians, had rushed into the still smoking breach ere the besieged well knew what had happened, and, fighting now upon more equal terms, their superiority in number told fearfully upon the Spaniards, in their heroic efforts to drive them back. Inch by inch the Moslem made their bloody way upon the ramparts, leaving piles of their dead at each step. In the mean time the corsairs, headed by Dragut, had been enabled to gain a footing, also, upon the ramparts; and the Christians, now attacked upon both flanks, had been formed into a square, by their brave leader, and the utmost efforts of the Moslem could not break their ranks. It was at this critical moment that the cry of La Vallette was heard by the Spanish captain. He replied by his own: "Ah! San Iago, San Iago l'Espanio. Courage, my brave men, we are rescued; we will yet beat them." They redoubled their efforts: their opponents yielded before them, although pressed from behind by their advancing men. De Zano Guerra singled out a Moorish chieftain, who always, in the front rank, was distinguished from the others by his chivalric appearance, and a tall, white plume in his helmet. An escutcheon, with three golden crescents upon a field of white, was upon his left arm, while in his right he held a Damascus sword. The Spaniard dealt him a terrible

blow, which was, however, parried with ease, and, to his astonishment, not returned, the Moor seeming to seek some other foe. The crowd separated them. The Grand-Master had succeeded in effecting a junction with the Spaniards, and, together, they had furiously rushed upon the Janisaries, whose ranks gave way before the irresistible charge, leaving their dead strewing the ground. Hassan, with prodigies of valour and strength, had kept his ground, almost alone, in the midst of the Christians, disdainingly to retreat, and beating down all who ventured within his reach. Vainly had his devoted men charged upon the Christians, to extricate him. He must have fallen, had not the furious onslaught of the corsairs compelled the Christians to face them with the greatest part of their men. Again did Zano Guerra meet the young Moor, and again did he aim at him blows accustomed to fell all who received them; but, as before, they were parried, and not returned. The gallant knight was mystified, but forbore to strike again one who returned not his blows. Each minute thinned the ranks of the Christians; though, nothing daunted, they ever and anon rushed forward, cutting fearful gaps in the ranks of their enemies, which closed again as dense as ever, whilst they receded to their square, still fewer in number. Completely surrounded, no hope of escape was left to them, and they fought with the fury of despair. Suddenly a cry was heard in the rear of the corsairs. A thrill ran through the ranks of the Christians. It was repeated: "Notre Dame de Kergolet, to the rescue." The effect was like magic. Shouts from the square greeted it with cries of "San Iago! San Iago!" and "Christus!" from

the Knights of St. John. The corsairs were dismayed; they hesitated, and seemed spell-bound. Again the cry was heard nearer, almost in their midst. Their masses swayed to and fro; some were already moving to the scarp, ready to leap over, when Dragut's thundering voice recalled them. He pushed forward through their disordered ranks, eager to oppose the weight of his presence to the rescuing party, calling upon them to follow him. The white-plumed chieftain was at his side. In a few seconds they had reached the advancing knights, before whom all fled, or fell, and, backed by the numbers, made a firm stand. The Chevalier de Kergolet, whose sword had been broken, fought with his ponderous battle-axe, each stroke of which levelled a man to the earth. The fierce and enraged pirate singled him out, and, forcing his way to him, raised his enormous sword, and, with the whole of his almost superhuman strength, aimed a blow at his head ere Raoul was aware of his presence, which must have ended the knight's career, had not a sword, flashing from behind the pirate, with singular dexterity, averted the irresistible blow, which only carried off a portion of the crest from his helmet. Raoul turned like a chafed lion, and, whirling his battle axe above head, struck a blow at the corsair which would have crushed an anvil: again was a sword interposed between the weapon and the victim. The course of the axe was changed, and, instead of the head for which it was aimed, it struck the massive chest of the pirate, and he fell at the knight's feet. As quick as thought the axe was raised again for a finishing blow; but the Moor, whom Raoul had not seen, sprang over the body, crying: "Raoul, spare my father." "Oh!

God!" cried the knight, his axe still upraised, "Rolla, what dost thou here?" A cry of anguish burst from the corsairs when they saw their beloved chief fall, and, with a rush, they surrounded his body and bore it off. The rest offered but little more resistance, and retreated in good order to their trenches to mourn over their leader. Raoul now joined the knot of other warriors, who still held out against the stout Aga and his Janisaries. He approached the Grand-Master, and entreated him to withdraw, and leave to him the care of clearing the bastion. The old knight mournfully shook his head, and, pointing to the Turkish standard, still waving upon the parapet, said: "Thou wouldst not have me leave that accursed rag over our heads?" "There it shall not remain long," cried the other; and, followed by a few of the boldest knights, he leaped upon the scarp, spite of the opposition and blows of the Moslem, who were there in crowds, and who made a desperate resistance. He hewed his way through the living mass, until he reached the neighbourhood of the staff; here a terrible struggle ensued, and such was the number and fury of the enemy, that it might have ended fatally to the Christians had not de La Vallette himself advanced upon the flank of the Turks, with as many as could follow him. The masses opened; the staff was reached, over a pile of bodies, and, at one blow, levelled to the ground and trampled under-foot. A shout of triumph arose from the garrison, which was answered, far and near, by all who saw it fall. Hassan made an ineffectual attempt to recover it; but the spirit of his men was broken. They still fought; but sullenly and in retreat. He vainly endeavoured to rally, and bring them again to the

charge; they refused, and he was compelled to follow, but, like the tiger, slowly, and striking at any who had the temerity to approach too near. The battle was now at end in the bastion, and the clarions and kettle-drums of the Turks sounding the retreat from all the hills, proclaimed another victory of the Christians—dearly bought, however; for their ranks had been cruelly thinned, and many of their best knights had fallen. The women came rushing in—some seeking a husband, or a brother, or a father, and uttering heart-breaking lamentations, or cries of joy, when they found them. Others brought wine and water, which they distributed, indiscriminately, to all, or attended to the wounded, and staunched the flowing blood. The men had formed into small groups upon the battlements, and spoke over the deeds and events of the day, and the principal knights had assembled around the Grand Master, whose eyes wandered from one to the other, and seemed to seek one who was not there. All knew he thought of his dearly-loved nephew, the youthful secretary, but dared not ask for him. Some men mournfully brought a body from where the Turkish standard had been planted. They laid it down at the feet of the old man. He gazed in silence upon the beautiful countenance, and tears gathered in his eyes, which, brushing away, he said: "Why should I weep more for thee, when so many of my children have fallen around me. They were all dear to my heart. Thy will be done, oh! my God." And he turned to give his orders; for, although the battle was over, there was work yet to be done. The attack might be renewed at any moment before or during the night, and it behooved him to prepare for it.

We will now leave the battleground, and return to Rolla's grotto, where Dragut, mortally wounded and insensible from the time he had fallen, had been carried by her orders: his men had laid him upon the same couch upon which Raoul had once lay, and retired into the garden, where they walked up and down the alleys to the great terror of Rolla's maids, who had clustered in a corner of the room, where their mistress was. Near the pirate's bed knelt two figures: Rolla in knightly array of mail and steel, had removed her helmet, and with her head bent upon the bed, seemed in the greatest agony of distress. The other was Blanche, who, with the characteristic charity of the Christian woman, had forgotten that the sufferer was a deadly enemy, and with the tenderest care, had removed the heavy steel-plate from the injured and bruised shoulder and chest, and had bathed the wounds and the temples with a cooling liquid; now she was pressing with a soft sponge, a reviving drink upon the dry lips—and, for a long time, it seemed as though the sufferer was passed revival, and that all her care was bestowed in vain; but after a while, the lips moved as if to swallow a drop of the water; Blanche continued her exertions, and pressed more upon them. They moved again, a sigh was breathed, and then, one or two incoherent syllables were uttered. The pirate opened his eyes, and looked wildly around, until they rested upon her face. Blanche was frightened, and her hand trembled as it pressed the sponge upon his throbbing temples; she felt that the dreaded eyes were rivetted upon her, and she dared not look up, but conscious of her duty, she kept on with it. Rolla had approached her, and taking one of

her father's hands, bathed it with cool water.

"Father! my father!" she said, leaning over him, "do you know your Rolla?"

Dragut signed that he did.

"Speak to me, and tell me that you are better," she said imploringly.

The pirate shook his head, and with some effort said, "There is . . . no better for me . . . in this world. . . . I feel already the torments . . . of hell . . . here," and he placed his hand upon his chest.

Blanche quickly drew from her bosom a small vial, and first crossing herself, she removed the stopper, and held it an instant to his nostrils, and removed it again. Dragut looked at her in bewilderment, and then said, "Oh! that is heaven!" There was a silence of a minute or two—the females kneeling at his side, while he gazed from one to the other. Presently, a tear gathered in his eye, and rolled down his cheek. Blanche saw it, that first tear of a hardened heart; she took his rough hand in hers, and said to him:

"Dragut! thou art not prepared to meet thy God!"

"Speakest thou in derision, maiden? I, the renegade, the pirate, the blasphemer, the murderer, as thou hast truly called me, prepared to meet my God? . . . Ah! ah! ah! the idea is amusing!"

"Man! speak not thus: thy time is precious!" gently replied Blanche.

"And thou, woman, waste not thy words upon me! Hell, if there be one, has not an abyss deep enough to receive, nor torments cruel enough for me."

"Oh! father! father!" cried Rolla, "do not speak such words; listen, oh! listen to Blanche—she will comfort thy last moment; from her sweet lips truths drop like pearls."

"And, I tell thee, fool, let me at least die in peace, if I am to have none hereafter: what hope is there for a wretch like me?"

"Dragut, God has bid us hope for forgiveness, even at the eleventh hour! It is true thou hast led a wretched life; it is true thou hast sinned much against Him—but that tear I saw but now in thine eye—the first, perhaps, thou hast shed in many years—that tear of repentance, for I know it to be such, has been carried upon the wings of angels to the feet of the throne of Grace! Oh! let it not plead there in vain for thee!"

Dragut gazed upon the sweet and earnest face which spoke to him; at last he said: "Maiden! thou knowest not the extent of my villany, else thou hadst not bid me hope! But yes! yes! thy words must be true, for thou art one of Heaven's own angels. Thou, whom I have so much injured, and whom I have wished to ruin; thou for whom I had reserved the worst fate that could befall thee, I find now at my dying bed-side, relieving my insufferable agony by what means I know not, recalling me to life that thou mightst speak words of hope and comfort! Oh! thou art not human! thou hast forgiven my crimes against thee: surely, surely I may hope the Perfect One will have forgiveness for the repentant sinner!"

Rolla here approached her father, and said to him: "If thou hadst known Blanche as I have, thou wouldst know that nothing is too sublime, too good for her to do. Father, she has taught me to pray to the true God, and to the blessed Mother of God! Oh! listen to her words, too!"

"Thou art then a Christian?" inquired the pirate, half rising in his bed.

"I am! I am! father—return

thou, too, to the true fold," replied Rolla, imploringly. The pirate extended his hand to Blanche:—"Thanks for that also! 'tis one terrible weight less upon my mind: I will die more quietly. My children, pray for me, for your prayers will be heard. The God, whom I have so long offended, and who, in His great mercy, has brought you to my dying bed, knows the agony of my heart at the thought of my deeds and crimes: it is such as only they can feel who approach their last hour." He carried his hand to his forehead, and was silent a minute. "That fearful hour, when memory, unbid, brings back life's actions, condensed, but in most vivid colours! All! all! is there! nothing is forgotten!..... Yes, bid me hope, my children, for I have need of hope in His mercy. Rolla, draw nigh, for I must confess to thee my crimes in atonement for them! But oh! curse not my memory when I am gone, for I have injured thee much!"

"Nay! dear father, thou hast ever been kind, indulgent to me; but speak not now, it will weaken you."

"I must speak! Listen, and call me no more thy father!" Here, the tall form of Hassan, the Aga, darkened the entrance. The pirate extended his hand to him:

"Welcome, thou good and brave man! come, and listen to the tale of the wicked. Years ago, there lived upon the beautiful coast of Biscay, a young fisherman, by name, Alvarez. He had inherited a moderate property from his parents, in the shape of a neat cottage, with a small farm attached to it, which, with the proceeds of his fishing, was sufficient to insure to him, more ease and comforts, than were the lot of his neighbors. He was loved and respected by all, and was a friend to the good old curate

of the village, who called him a good and exemplary man. To crown his happiness, he wooed and won the beloved of his heart, the beautiful Marie, the pride of the neighbouring town, whose hand was sought by many more worthy than himself. I pass over the weeks of happiness that followed; 'tis but recalling pangs to my heart. One day, 'twas a fete day, there came into our village, two young and gay cavaliers, handsome of face and mein. The one, Don Antonio, bore the name of his father, the noble Lord whose castle was upon the mountain side, a few miles away. His companion, of less noble birth, but versed in books and languages; and both expert in the management of the horse, and in all warlike games or knightly exercise. They came to share our sports and dances; and proud was I, when they gazed in admiration at my beautiful bride, and sought her hand in the lively dance. A week passed by, and still they lingered in our humble place, frequent visitors at my cottage; and when, at last, they went away, they carried with them the regrets and love of all. Ah! little did we dream of the serpents that lurked in their false bosoms! I went upon a distant excursion with the fishermen of our village. Success crowned our efforts, and at the end of some months, we turned the bow of our vessel towards our homes, with hearts filled with joy and hope. Our hills are at last desered: each seeks upon the distant shore the white dot which marks his cottage. Yes! there stands my happy home, with the loving heart it contains! Now for weeks of perfect happiness; for I could not again part so long from her. The keel grazes upon the sand of our beach. Impatient of delay, I leap ashore, and run to seek my Marie, my wife."



Dragut stopt speaking for a minute, the heaving of his powerful chest showing the extent of his emotion: he continued with an effort: "The cup was dashed from my lips when I thought I held it firmly. My wife had been ruined; what entreaties had failed to accomplish had been done by violence. In the dead of night the fiend had entered my cottage....with accomplices.... But I cannot dwell.... my head swims: I must be brief. Marie! my loved Marie could not, must not live dishonoured: I plunged my knife into her heart!"

A cry of horror burst from the lips of Blanche and Rolla, the latter crying: "My mother!"

Dragut, with fearful calmness, answered: "No child! not thy mother!"

"Thank God!" murmured the maiden.

"Poor child! thou hast little cause for thanks. Upon the expiring body of my wife, I swore eternal hatred and vengeance upon the fiend who had blasted my life. I fled the country; to remain, were death without revenge. I took my boat, and steered out to sea, careless of any course, save that which would take me far from land. I know not how long I had been out, when I was overtaken by a vessel; it proved to be Barbarossa himself, the scourge of the sea, the terror of the Christian, him whose name had oft chilled the blood in my veins. Now I cared not; I denied my God, and joined his crew, and my recklessness of life and daring, and my knowledge of the sea, won his love; I was promoted to the command of a vessel; and ere three years had gone by, my deeds had rivaled, in daring, those of the chief himself. One day, while cruising upon the Bay of Biscay, a fisherman's boat was overtaken, containing two men,

hailing from the neighbourhood of where my home had once been—one I knew well; from him I learnt that the old Count of Zanoguerra was dead; that his son, Don Antonio, the fiend, the ravisher, was married, and lived happily with his beautiful wife and child in the old castle of the family. Oh! how I chafed when I heard that," exclaimed the pirate, writhing in his bed of suffering, "to think that he, the murderer of my wife, of all my hopes, who had made me an outcast, lived happy with his wife, whilst I.... Oh! God, forgive me for what I then felt—for what I still feel, when I recall it to memory. Now had the time for vengeance come. I promised liberty, I promised gold to the fisherman, and threatened him and all his with torture and death, if he refused to find when my enemy would leave the castle for a night; for I wished not to kill him, that were no punishment for his crime. I cruised off and on for ten days; out at sea in the day, and close in at night; it seemed to me like ten years, and I was preparing to wreak a bloody revenge upon the fisherman's family, when one night he came out to meet me. The Count had left that morning for Bilboa, to return the next. Ah! my heart leaped with joy, the first I had experienced in years of agony! the fisherman was kept on board for hostage, and in the dead of the night I landed with my best men; by best, I mean the most reckless and blood-thirsty villains. In silence, we wended our way through fields and woods to the park of the castle. I knew the way well; the walls were no impediment to us, with living ladders we scaled them easily. We approached the tall walls of the castle; all was silent as death within, and all in darkness, save where a single light shone through a win-



dow above. A form moved to the window, and opening it, looked out, humming the while a French romance; 'twas a woman's voice, of great sweetness, and against the light within, her youthful form, in a night dress, was plainly defined; she went in again, still singing, and closed the window,—in a few minutes the light was out. Now we cautiously moved around the walls, seeking an entrance; at last, one was found in reach of the limbs of a tall chestnut, which grew close on to the castle; one after the other we clambered the tree, and entered into a room which was not inhabited; in a few minutes it was filled with our men—the rest you may imagine. No resistance was offered by the few miserable wretches of the household; the men were first butchered; the women ..... afterwards. I sought her room, and found it; in her terror, a few tables had been piled against the door, which a blow of my axe shattered to pieces; she had shrunk to the furthest corner of the room, with the screaming babe in her arms. I stood a minute, feasting my eyes upon the trembling prey at my feet, like the tiger, gloating over the frightened fawn beneath its paw. She was as beautiful as my own Marie had been. I approached her; she screamed, and darted to the other side; I seized her in my arms, and looked at her: Oh! how she begged for mercy and for her babe; something like pity passed through my heart, and I thought that death was enough for her .... and ... Oh! God, help me! I plunged the same knife into her white and spotless bosom that had been stained with my wife's blood; she screamed not, but fell upon the bed; I seized the child she still held in her arms, and raised the knife over it; but

my eyes met her dying imploring look, and the weapon fell from my hands. Yes, that look, I have never forgotten; night and day it has haunted me, it has tormented me; it has saved me from deeper crimes, and has given me the slight share of joy I have had in my life of suffering, for from thine eyes, Rolla, I have seen thy mother's look a thousand times." "Holy Virgin! was she my mother?" cried Rolla, springing to her feet. "Heaven, was she that child," exclaimed Blanche, at the same time, whilst the Aga moved back a step in surprise.

"Yes! yes, shrink from that wretched hand: seek the stain of blood upon it, and curse the murderer of thy innocent mother!" cried Dragut, while the great drops trickled down his forehead. "Hassan, why dost thou not, too, curse thy former companion?" and he fell back exhausted upon his bed. Rolla sank upon her knees, and burying her head upon the bed, was convulsed with sobs. Blanche, as pale as death, also knelt by the pirate and held the cool drink to his lips. In a short time he seemed revived, and continued: "Rolla! Rolla! thou who hast been the sole comfort of my dreary life, and hast twined thyself around my withered heart: thou upon whose head I have lavished love of which I thought my soul incapable, that she in heaven might forgive: thou whom I have reared and cherished with more tenderness than if thou hadst been mine own: oh! curse me not at my last hour!" Rolla arose hastily and took his hand: "Oh, no! no! no! father, I could not curse thee, for thou hast indeed been to me the most indulgent of fathers, the kindest of parents: and believe me my dear mother in heaven has forgiven thee for her child's sake."

"Thanks! thanks child for those sweet words. Yes, she is even now speaking through thy lips, for thy eyes are so like hers. But let me continue: I spared the child for my victim's sake: the castle was on fire and the neighbourhood alarmed I seized thee in my arms, and carried thee off—my share of the booty from my enemy's ruin: 'twas worth to me all the treasures in the world. We regained the boats in safety, but my vengeance was not complete: he knew not the fate of his wife and daughter, and might hope they had perished in the flames, I sent him word they were in my possession! Ah! ah! ah! what agony for him to think of his pure and beautiful wife, the concubine of a renegade! Was it not distilling vengeance? The thought was sweet to me then, but oh! 'tis hell now. Speak not of pardon for me hereafter; my crimes were too black, too dreadful to leave a spark of hope!" and he writhed in his bed. Blanche said mildly to him, "Thy crimes were great, Dragut, but thy remorse and sufferings are equally great, and leave the gates of hope open to thee." "Thou hearest that, Hassan," cried the Cos-sair, with a smile of exultation upon his lips, "thy religion teaches nothing so sweet to the dying; thy women are forbidden to soothe the pillow of the dying criminal! What canst thou say? Wouldst thou bid me hope?" "When angels whisper list to their words," solemnly replied the Aga, for through their lips does Allah speak. Thou knowest, my friend, that I conform not to the fanaticism thou callest my religion. She whose mouth drops words as sweet as rose leaves, adores the true God as he loves to be adored. Hope in his mercy as she bids thee hope, for the measure thereof is longer than the earth, broader than the sea."

"Blanch," resumed the pirate, "thou knowest not yet the full extent of Dragut's villany.—Thou knowest not that he has promised thee to the black Eunuch for the Sultan's harem." Blanche sprang from his side as though stung by a viper, and would have fallen had not the Aga caught and supported her, while the words "Villain! thou hadst not!" escaped his lips, and a cry of anguish was heard from Rolla.

The pirate, with a fearful calmness, which was belied by the cold drops upon his forehead, continued: "Yes, support her, Hassan, for thou art noble, generous and good: support them both, for thou art worthy of the charge; and while I still live, take them to some place of safety where they can reach the Christian camp. In thy care they are safe from the Soldan himself; and if thou meetest the dark Numba, crush him as thou wouldst the vilest reptile. Lose no time—go!" and then with much emotion, he added "Blanche, Rolla, ere you leave the dying man, tell him at least that you have pity on him, and forgive him. Go not from him with a curse."

Blanche had so far recovered that she staggered to the bed-side, and putting her trembling hand upon his head, said, "Dragut, as I hope for forgiveness hereafter from my God, I forgive you now, and pray that he may hear your repentance and forgive too;" and she knelt by his side and prayed. The dying man was deeply affected, and sobbed convulsively; at last he said, "and thou Rolla?"

"Father!" whispered the one addressed, "she has forgiven thee: and prays for thee, surely *He* will listen to her prayers. I leave not thy side till I have closed those eyes which have so tenderly watched over my childhood."

"That will not be long," he replied: "Hassan have I thy promise to watch over them?"

"Thou hast, Dragut, even unto death," solemnly replied the Aga.

"Now then, let me die," cried the pirate.

Just at that moment a commotion was observed among the Corsairs who had taken possession of the garden; some were moving rapidly, while others gathered in small groups and spoke eagerly in under tones, casting anxious looks towards the grotto. Dragut, accustomed to detect the least thing out of the way, was not slow in perceiving that something was wrong. "See, Hassan, what ails those fellows," he said in a low voice.

The Aga soon returned. "The Sicilians have landed upon the island, and Mustapha embarks our troops. I must at once to the camp; but fear not that I will neglect my charge: I will hasten back and will watch over them until all danger is over."

He hurried out, and leaping upon his charger, was soon upon his rapid course to the Turkish camp, where he found all in confusion and consternation. The troops were rushing in disorder to the vessels, leaving behind all they could not carry; and Hassan saw with dismay that a charge from the Christians would prove disastrous to the army. He gathered up his well-disciplined Janisaries and formed them into a guard which would have offered a formidable resistance to any force the Christians could have brought against them; and with this protection the Turks might embark in safety. Dragut's men and Rolla's guard had received messages from their comrades in the camp, calling upon them to hasten to their vessels before the Sicilian fleet could attack them: and finding that their fallen chief was past recovery, they

abandoned him to secure their own safety.

The sun was then fast settling down to the horizon: and the two young females still knelt by the bed of the dying man, who had not spoken for some time, and whose change of countenance announced approaching dissolution. Some of the maids stood up in the hall at a respectful distance while others had ventured into the garden after the Corsairs had left it, and walked about their accustomed promenade, scarcely understanding the events which had so suddenly broken upon their quietude. Presently these were seen running towards the hall with every appearance of fright and terror on their features. Rolla arose to chide them, but she drew back in dismay when she was confronted by the grim face of Numba, backed by a number of his dark followers. "How darest thou," cried the maiden, "intrude upon my privacy?" Blanche, more dead than alive, at the sudden appearance of the men, had shrunk as near as she could to the pirate's bed, as though seeking protection even from the dying.

"We wish not to trouble thee noble lady," replied the Eunuch, bowing his head low, "but we seek one sold to me by thy noble father, the mighty Dragut, whose days I see have passed away."

"Thou liest, infamous wretch!" cried the pirate, rising in his bed with an energy that startled the Nubian, and made him draw back a step; "thou liest! I have life enough to crush thy dastardly head:" and seizing a vase which stood by, he hurled it with great strength at the negro, who barely evaded it, while the one behind him receiving it on his forehead fell lifeless to the ground. The effort was too much for Dragut's condition, and he fell powerless and gasped his last breath.

"I'll teach thee that I fear thee

not 'infernal pirate,' cried the enraged Nubian, springing upon and stabbing the lifeless body: "thus, die all who oppose Numba's will."

"Coward, forbear," cried Blanche, vainly trying to arrest his hand, whilst Rolla grasped her sword, which was near by, but was almost as quickly seized by a half dozen of Numba's men, from whom she in vain struggled to extricate herself. She called to her men at the top of her voice: "To me, my brave men!"

"Aye, thou mayst call thy brave men," said the Eunuch, holding the dripping dagger in his hand:—"they have thought of their own safety before thine," and at the same moment he seized Blanche's arm. "Unhand me, wretch," screamed the terrified and struggling maiden. "Brightest diamond of the West, thy slave would deal most tenderly with thee, for thou art destined to become the most precious gem in the glorious crown of the King of Kings. Struggle not against thy fate, for thus it has been decreed."

"Unhand me, man! I will die ere I go a step with thee," again cried Blanche.

"Nay! thou wilt not die! Allah is all powerful, and Mahomet is his prophet!" and he bent his head low at the sacred name. "And has he not said that the East and the West, and the North and the South, shall yield their most precious treasures for the glory of his immortal successor, the Great Soldan," again he bowed low his head, "and hast thou not been sent to him by Mahomet himself?"

"Eunuch!" cried Rolla, trembling with emotion, "thou shalt bitterly repent thy audacity."

"We wish not to harm thee, beautiful and valiant lady: thou art at liberty to go whithersoever

thou shalt will. We but claim a fair slave of thy Master's pleasure! time presses: the wise may not tarry to reason with women." So saying, he caught the screaming Blanche in his powerful arms, and left the grotto, while his men securely held Rolla, who vainly redoubled her efforts to free herself from their grasp, until Numba, with his prize had gone out of sight; then taking her sword as a precaution, they followed his rapid strides.

"Maidens! girls! where are you gone?" cried Rolla, as soon as she found herself free: "My arms, my horse!" A few of the least frightened maids issued at her voice from their hiding places, and ran a while in confusion, scarce knowing what was wanted, and much precious time was lost, ere another sword and the charger were at last brought. Rolla leapt upon the steed of purest Syrian blood, who knew her voice like a child its mother's. The noble animal seemed aware that he was upon an errand of life and death. Like an arrow, he flew along the winding path which led to the great gate of the garden, and up the steep and rugged hill which crowned the valley, caring not for the loose rocks which filled the way. At the top, a rider was met hastening upon the opposite course: 'twas Hassan: "Oh! save her, save her!" cried Rolla, pointing with her drawn sword down the declivity to the right, where a party of men could be dimly seen far towards the sea. "Blanche! Numba."

Hassan understood all; in a second his foaming steed was checked and wheeled, and with frightful speed the two riders dashed down the steep path which had never been trodden by aught but footmen. They rapidly gained upon the Nubians, who, hearing them coming, quickened their flight:

already had they reached the level plain below the hills, when Numba, seeing that they must be overtaken ere they could reach the boats, gave Blanche in charge to a stout black, with directions to hasten to the boat and secure the prize at all hazard, while with the rest he would oppose the pursuers. On came the two horsemen, caring little for the number of their enemies; but a discharge of muskets from these, brought down Hassan's noble horse, and he himself wounded, rolled heavily upon the earth. Numba, and some of his men, rushed to finish him ere he could extricate himself from the dying horse: Rolla is there before them, and beats them off. The enraged Eunuch turned, and leaped upon her, with his dagger in hand, exclaiming, "Take, then, thy deserts!" But Rolla evaded his thrusts, and dealt him one which brought him to his knees. This gave time to the Aga, to arise, although faint from his fall and wound. Side by side they beat off the ferocious attack of the Nubians, several of whom lay dead at their feet. But Hassan's blows were becoming weaker and more feeble, and could scarcely parry the thrusts of his assailants. Numba, who, though wounded, was up again, saw Hassan's desperate condition, and redoubled his efforts against his opponents, urging on his men by his voice, to which they replied by yells as they encouraged each other; all, however, keeping at a safe distance from Rolla's fatal sword. They gloated already over the blood of their victims; and so intently were the yelling demons bent upon their destruction, that not one of them had heard the rapidly approaching tramp of heavy horses with clang of steel accoutrements, coming from the rear, and a knight in full armour, followed

by others at a short distance, had dashed in among them, cutting down two or three ere they became aware of his presence. Numba, unable to flee, turned like a reptile to stab the charger—but the horseman's sword descended full upon his head, cutting through the round steel helmet, and cleaving the head to the very collar-bone. Another step, and the knight is before Hassan, whom, in the darkness of the twilight he did not know. Again the dreaded sword was raised high and brought down with terrible force; but Rolla has parried the blow. The knight turned furiously upon her: she cried to him: "Raoul, spare the wounded Hassan!" The fatal weapon had flown upon its errand of death ere Raoul had heard the voice, and Rolla fell upon her knees, and then prostrate upon the earth.

"Holy Virgin!" screamed the terrified knight, throwing himself from his charger, "what have I done!"

"Thou hast done that which will henceforth render miserable thy lot in life," feebly said Hassan; "thou hast slain a pure one who loved thee much," and he fell heavily upon the earth, a corpse.

All the Nubians had been killed; the old Count de Castellanes, with a few others of the knights, had seen and intercepted the one who carried Blanche; his fate was soon decided—and she, more dead than alive, had recognized her father in her deliverer. They all hastened back to the principal scene of action, where they found a group of knights surrounding some object upon which they seemed to look with deep sorrow. The dreadful truth flashed upon Blanche's mind, and she found strength to make her way through the knights, who respectfully opened a passage for



her. A cry of anguish burst from her lips, as she saw the bleeding Rolla, with her head resting on Raoul's knee, and he in the greatest agony of despair. Most of the knights, from a sense of respect and decorum, withdrew to a distance, feeling that their presence as strangers would be an intrusion upon such grief as they witnessed. The Count remained by the side of his daughter, and Don Antonio de Zanoaguerra, as an old and particular friend of Raoul, had knelt by his side, while the tears ran fast down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Rolla! my sister, what has befallen thee," cried Blanche, throwing herself on her knees by the side of her friend, with her arm around her, and burying her face upon her bosom, while violent sobs convulsed her frame. Rolla smiled faintly, and patted the lovely head: "I told thee, dear, that my fate was sealed in Heaven!"

"Oh! 'tis for me! 'tis in defending my useless life thou hast fallen," said Blanche.

"Nay! behold her miserable murderer!" said Raoul in a hoarse voice, "I have slain her! Cursed, thrice cursed be the hand that dealt that blow!"

"Thou!" exclaimed Blanche, unable to understand.

"Grieve not thus, Raoul! my Roaul!" said the dying maiden, looking up imploringly into his face, "speak not so, if thou wouldst not embitter my last moments. Thou hast been but God's instrument to work his end. I have prayed that I might see thee once more ere He called me to Him, and my prayer has been granted. Oh! it is sweet to die thus upon thy knee, and to look up into thine eyes with my last look. Lela Marien, my holy mother, has been very kind to me," and she paused, looking up to him.

Here the Count de Castellanes, unable further to restrain his feelings, whispered almost aloud to the Knight of St. John: "My Lord de Zanoaguerra, you are a leech, can you do naught to save her life." The knight shook his head mournfully. Rolla turned her face to look at him, and then said: "Did I hear that name aright? what name was that he called?"

The Count repeated: "Don Antonio de Zanoaguerra."

Rolla's eyes filled with tears, and she held her hand to him:

"Father," she said, "I have found thee, too, at the last moment."

"What means this?" cried the knight, trembling with emotion.

Blanche looked up, and said to him: "Don Antonio de Zanoaguerra you now see before you, your long lost daughter. Dragut, who has just died repentant, has revealed to us the whole fearful tale! Rolla is your child!"

"Oh! God," exclaimed the knight, raising his hands to heaven, "thy ways are verily inscrutable!" then he cried with eagerness: "And my wife! what of her?"

"She died the day you last saw her!"

"I bless thee, oh! my God, for that. My child!—my Inez! oh! that I should find thee, but to lose thee so soon. But Dragut Alvarez has told thee the cause of his dreadful crimes. I did not do the monstrous deed".....

"God be praised for this," said Rolla.

"A villain assumed my name, and I suffered for it—*He*, alone, knows how much. And now the old wounds are freshly opened again. But thy will be done, oh! my God!—thy holy will be done!" The Count answered, "Amen!"

There was a moment of silence, for the fast-flowing tears fell, with-



out being heard. Rolla was the first to speak. "Blanche, give me my shield; it has ever been dear to me, and has never been disgraced by one unworthy action. Upon it thou seest a semblance of a death-head, with three golden crescents within. Take thou care of it, for Rolla's sake, and when thou art the happy bride of some noble knight, in thine own land of chivalry, put it upon thy escutcheon, in remembrance of one who loved thee much. Take thou, too, my noble steed; he will soon learn to know thy sweet voice and to love thee; for thou wilt be kind to him. Father, to thee I leave the charge of my poor, unprotected maids, in yonder garden; see that they are cared for, and returned to their grieving parents, as, living, I would soon have done. And, father, oh! for thy daughter's sake, see that Dragut's body be buried like a Christian, for he died a Christian; and, father, he was ever very kind to me, and loved me as his own child. And this noble man who fell by my side, defending Blanche and me, deal gently with his body, and give him decent burial; for he, too, was a friend to thy child. Dost thou promise me?"

"I do, I do, my child," cried the old man, unable to restrain his tears.

The maiden then turned her face to her lover, who was almost paralyzed with grief, and, reaching her hand around his neck, she drew his head nearer to hers, and spoke gently to him: "And thou, too, Raoul, thou wilt grant me a last boon, wilt thou not?" She took his hand. "Blanche, my sister, come nearer to me; give me thy soft hand." Then, placing their hands together upon her bosom, she continued: "Upon this heart, which loved you both so

well, promise me to live for each other; to".....

"Oh! no! no! no! not now," cried Blanche. "Speak not of that at this awful moment."

"Blanche," continued the other, smiling, "had I lived, I could not have given thee my treasure; I was selfish, and thought but of my own happiness; thou wert not so. Now let me die, knowing that thou wilt make him happy. Refuse me not thy hand. Raoul, give me thine; thou knowest it is mine until I breathe my last. Now, dear ones, live happy, for Rolla's sake; and speak sometimes of the beautiful garden, far, far away, where the poor Moorish maiden first learnt to love, and where she lies buried by the lovely lake. . . . Raoul, press me closer to thy heart. . . . I am cold . . . life is ebbing . . . fast. . . . Farewell! father. Raoul.....Raoul, I love".....

"Oh! God, receive her soul," cried Don Antonio.

"Amen!" solemnly answered the Count.

The presence of the knights at the opportune moment at which they arrived, must be explained in a few words. When the Turkish camp had been so suddenly broken up, and they were retiring to their vessels in such precipitate haste, a *sortie* had been proposed by the Christian officers to their commander, who would, perhaps, have acceded, had it not been for Hassan's arrangement of his well-disciplined Janisaries, De La Vallette prudently thinking that a sally might prove disastrous, if attempted against such dangerous foes. But the chevalier's anxiety about the fate of Rolla and Blanche could not be controlled; and, assisted by the entreaties of the Count de Castellanes, he obtained a reluctant permission from the Grand-Master to go forth, with the Count, beyond

the rear of the Turks, and proceed to ascertain the fate, and rescue, if possible, the two Christian females. When his chivalrous intention became known to the other knights, many came forward, anxious to share in the dangers of such an adventure, and La Valette was compelled to forbid more than a limited number to accompany him, lest his own forces should be materially weakened. Among these, Don Antonio de Zanguerra had claimed and obtained the first place, as an intimate friend to both the leaders of the party. They had not proceeded far from the *enceinte* of the fortresses, when they were met by the old Hermit of the Hills, of whom they had all heard, although but few had ever seen him, as he never ventured far from his cave. He had seen the Nubians bring their boats to the foot of the hills, and, landing, direct their course towards Rolla's garden; and, suspecting their intention, had hastened down, hoping to meet some party of Christians, able to assist or rescue them, and he had most fortunately encountered Raoul and his friends; he told them his suspicions, and pointed to them the road which circled the base of the hills, as the one by which they might intercept the Nubians on their return towards their boat. Events had proved the correctness of all his conclusions. But the joy of the Christians, at the success of their adventure, was embittered by the cruel misfortune which had befallen their leader and comrade.

The siege was raised, and Malta saved; and the surviving auxiliary

knights, with the remnants of their retinue, returned to their respective homes. Raoul de Kergolet, almost bereft of reason, lingered to the last about the enchanted spot which contained the remains of her whom he had loved so passionately, and who had died under circumstances so heart-breaking to him. But a sense of duty at length induced him to leave and return to Brittany, where an active life softened the keen edge of his grief. He often sought Blanche, to speak with her of the lost one; for it seemed to him that his sorrow was less poignant when near her whom she had loved so much. At last, her presence became necessary to his life, and he remembered Raoul's dying request. Blanche had refused several brilliant offers of marriage; for her heart was not hers to give, and she had not forgotten her friend's request, and, shall we say it, she hoped that he would one day remember it, too. In fine, they were married, and, together, they re-visited the scene of so much happiness and anguish, and knelt by the green sward, beneath which lay Rolla. All around seemed as though they had but left it yesterday. The flowers bloomed around them, the swans skimmed the placid bosom of the lake—and they turned towards the grotto, almost expecting to see its queenly mistress; but the stillness of death was there.....

The Grand-Master, in respect for the feelings of Rolla and Don Antonio, had ordered that the garden should be held sacred, and all things therein be maintained as they were when their mistress left them.

MINORITY REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED UNDER RESOLUTION OF THE LEGISLATURE TO EXAMINE THE MILITIA SYSTEM OF THE STATE, AND REPORT AMENDMENTS THEREON.—By Major EDWARD McCRADY, Jr. Charleston, 1859.

THE NECESSITY FOR IMPROVED MILITARY DEFENCES CONSIDERED.—Charleston, 1859.

As long as mankind continue in this unregenerated state, when one great object of every one's life must be, to a certain extent, the accumulation or retention of the fruits of labour, some means must be provided for the protection of property in its enlarged sense, whether that property consist in the labour itself, or the products of labour. Such protection is the principal object of government; for were there no desire for property, there would be little inducement to our species to injure each other, and the world would present a harmonious, but idle, scene. But mankind, unfortunately, have a great objection to steady labour, and are always ready to seize upon the possessions of their neighbours, even at the risk of their lives, for though strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that we are more interested in the preservation of our property than of our existence. "Your money or your life," says the highwayman to the sailor. "Take both," replied Jack, "for the one is quite useless without the other." As in this respect, mankind seems to be getting no better fast, the necessity still presses upon us of devising efficient means of protection. The Peace Party recommend embassies to

remonstrate with Emperors and ambitious Generals against the sin of slaughtering each other. These good people have certainly had some effect, though, as they appeal neither to the body nor to the pocket, but simply to the heart, their success is confined within narrow limits. Education has also exercised great influence in convincing persons that it is the true policy to obey and to maintain the law. The bonds of commerce are so tightly bound around the purse-strings of sovereigns, that international wars will hereafter be a rare luxury. But notwithstanding all these influences, mankind are quite willing to appropriate any undefended possession, whether personal or real estate, or even the labourer himself, and the only means as yet devised to prevent these transfers, are armies, greater or smaller.

Public attention has of late been awakened to an earnest consideration of the subject. Forty years of uninterrupted peace are about to give way to turmoil and confusion.

The military spirit is more generally diffused in this State than any other, and the system is quite equal, perhaps superior, in efficiency to that of any of its compeers. But on this side of the

water the best of systems becomes antiquated in a few years, and that of South Carolina is thought to have become defective and inapplicable to the changing necessities of the times, so that in 1858 a Commission was appointed by the Legislature to revise the Militia Law, and report such alterations as might seem to them advisable. A great many plans were submitted to the Commission, among them the two mentioned at the head of this article. The Commission could not agree, and there are both majority and minority reports. Nothing has, therefore, been accomplished. In the mean time the capture of Harper's Ferry took place, which is the best commentary upon the state into which the militia has been permitted to subside, at least in Virginia.

There are few problems more difficult than the one presented. How can the country be protected against invasion or insurrection without endangering liberty, which we have been taught to believe the chief blessing of existence, and without which, all other enjoyments would fail to render life endurable to an American? A standing army is out of the question. The traditions of our country condemn such an idea, as treason against the first principles of free government; and fortunate shall we be, if, in the future, which commences to lower ahead, this prejudice continue to be cherished. The cost of maintaining any permanent body of troops would be enormous in a country where labour is high and where the government proverbially pays double the value of every article received. The corrupting influence of 100,000 idlers,

scattered broadcast through the land, with little occupation beyond that of killing time, would be fearful, not to speak of the loss of so many pairs of arms abstracted from the producing element of wealth. At whatever cost therefor, this idea must be rejected. Better, far better, return to semi-barbarism, with freedom, than live the luxurious slaves of any government, whatever be its style. Nothing, therefore, could be more undignified, and at the same time more suicidal, than the calls which have been made upon the General Government for protection to the South, and the complaints against the Secretary of War for not having sent a platoon of marines to defend the great State of Virginia against the threatened invasion of John Brown. Happily no such power has been entrusted to the General Government—unless the Legislature or Executive should so far forget their dignity as to make a formal application. Whether the absence of some such provision in the Federal Constitution was an oversight or not, the friends of self-government have reason to rejoice, as it forces us, however reluctantly, to exercise the skill and foresight of freemen in providing for our own defence. We are spared the humiliating privilege of owing our safety to the troops of a foreign power. Should such a principle be acknowledged, it will justify the Abolitionists in pronouncing us unworthy of a position which we are incapable of defending. So far, therefore, as servile insurrections are concerned, we must look to ourselves alone.

But this is not enough, for in the present rapid age three

months' warning might precipitate us into a foreign war. So, too, if the spirit of lawlessness and mobocracy should invade the South, it may be necessary to use military force for the purpose of preserving internal peace, as it is scarcely possible that our community, in imitation of the great cities, would quietly submit to the rule of the lowest stratum of the population. In either of these events, something more would be required than a willingness to charge a collection of undisciplined slaves. The assistance that could be offered by the United States would be small. The regular army could not suffice, at most, for more than the defence of a few prominent points, the rest would be done by the States themselves, and all would be alike accessible.

The military organization of the State should, therefore, be such as to furnish a competent force, in a short time, upon any given point. In densely populated communities, furnished with all the facilities of roads for transportation, and numerous villages for the accommodation of troops, the desired end might be attained by selecting a very small portion of those who are capable of bearing arms, for the power of concentration would compensate the defect of numbers. But such is not the case in the South—at least in this portion of it. The area of South Carolina is 29,000 square miles; by the census of 1850, the whole population amounted to only 668,507, or 23 to a square mile. In the seaboard parishes the disproportion is greater still.

The three railroads running from the city would be of great

service in case of necessity; but it must be evident that where, as in insurrection, the risk is equal at every point, none of this small population can be spared from service. Every man, therefore, should be enrolled, armed, and equipped, ready for instant service. In such matters the first blow is everything; and even a demonstration, if there be necessity for it, may prevent the shedding of oceans of blood, according to the maxim, that one sabre drawn, frequently keeps nine in their scabbards. Heaven forbid, however, that one should approve of those demonstrations, which spring rather from fear than caution, and which too frequently suggest what they are intended to prevent. Nothing, therefore, but downright incapacity should excuse any person between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, or whatever might be fixed as the limit, from serving in some capacity or other. So far the present system is good, because one of the main objects of every militia system must be to keep, in some habits of discipline, those who are liable to serve as soldiers—and five years of forgetfulness would obliterate all traces of the previous drill.

But it is evident that the present system, as a whole, has lost its influence. In the city it is almost defunct, and in the country its yoke is borne with infinite restlessness. Before attempting to remedy the inefficiency of the existing organization, it will be necessary to ascertain their causes.

The first is a growing tendency in the age to avoid every species of physical exertion which can be escaped by any means short of deception. There is a popular term for this dispo-

sition, which is hardly flattering to ears polite, but very appropriate, viz.: laziness.

The author of this article has enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing the vast extent to which the young men of the State have fallen under its influence, and the natural consequence is, that they are incapable of standing ordinary fatigue—that is, the ordinary fatigue of a soldier. For this, there is but one remedy—the strong arm of the law. The government has no right to prescribe to individuals how much exercise they should take; but certainly the great duties of the citizen must not be neglected because the benches of the jury-box may be without cushions, or the rifle and canteen inconvenient, to carry on an August day. Brought up, as many respectable young men are, in utter ignorance of that part of the duties of life which is as indispensable to a soldier as any other, a turnout of the Militia would rather resemble an army of antient Persians than of real soldiers. From the Major-Generals down, there are scarcely fifty in a division who could cook a passably edible dinner. The retinue of servants, baggage, and other impediments, requisite for the support of such an army, would be utterly irreconcilable with a system of warfare in which speed plays so important a part. A few bomb-shells thrown among the cooks—who are not ranked among the most courageous of mankind—would produce starvation and dispersion in the best appointed regiment we could muster. Fighting is certainly a very important part of war, but unfortunately the spirit cannot fight without the body, and the body is under more or less subjection

to that luxurious member, the stomach, and stomachs, selfish things, will not act unless they are fed, so that an enemy is quite harmless, if we can manage to to diet him for a few days. All this is very prosaic, doubtless, and exceedingly out of harmony with gilded buttons and waving plumes, but it is nevertheless very necessary to success, and success is the principal object of fighting. Regular soldiers learn these acts in the course of time, but the fundamental idea of the Militia, is that of a force collected for a short time, and for a certain definite purpose, so that all preparation must be made in advance. Besides, the part which temporary fortifications play in war is increasing every day in importance, and even the smallest obstruction requires the use of the spade and the axe, and a considerable knowledge of the art of using them to the best effect.

Let us suppose the British, or any one else of common capacity, landed on our coast. The military would be marched to meet them. Here comes the column, arrayed in glittering habits, sonorous metal blowing martial sounds; many a brave heart beats high with noble anticipations. They pass by amid the plaudits of their fellow-citizens, while waving handkerchiefs attest the interest of the fair. But what throng is this, whose ebony hue contrasts darkly with the preceding glories? Behold the servants who go to cook, to brush the arms, black the boots, and perform the labours of their warrior-masters. Behind them follow trains of baggage, stretching far into the distance. They meet the enemy; the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle, the booming of



cannon, the heavy tread of advancing columns succeed each other. The enemy wavers; a gallant charge of cavalry disperses his retreating multitudes, and covers the ground with fragments of humanity. The recall is sounded. Afric's sons have, in the meantime, prepared a collation. The battle recommences upon unresisting venison and wild turkey. The roar of small-arms is succeeded by the popping of champagne-corks, and *batteries de cuisine* take the place of batteries of cannon. Toasts are offered and speeches delivered. The road back is strewed with flowers. Heroic bachelors marry blooming heiresses, and are returned to the next Legislature, when they vote a statue to their victorious General.

Such is the idea of the militia inculcated by the Militia system. Now, let us see what it is in reality. The first day's march goes off well enough, though a bed upon the damp ground is not comfortable. The next day, the knapsacks become intolerable; the more impatient pitch theirs off into the swamp. (*Vide* Capt. Hatch's pamphlet.) That night an attack is made upon the camp; half the sentinels are asleep, great disorder ensues, but the enemy are repulsed. Half of our killed are shot by their own comrades. A general bad humour ensues. Next day an abattis is found across the road. Cutting it away is rather more difficult work than whitening pine-chips. The negroes are ordered to advance and perform this manual labour. A few balls fall among them, and they incontinently take to the woods. Upon the approach of danger, their countrymen in the rear follow the good example, and are

no more seen until peace is declared. The army is now as it should have been at first—dependent upon itself alone. After much trouble, and loss of life, the obstacle is cleared away. That day those of the messes who know how to cook, eat; the officers cannot instruct the rest. So, on the army goes, hungry, disappointed and mad, anxious to meet the enemy upon any terms, and ready to jump into the lion's mouth, forgetful that his teeth have been considerably sharpened by skill and science. This is only one instance.

Now, it must be self-evident, that every Militia system should have for one object to practically undeceive both officers and men as to the real nature of service; to instruct them, by example, that it involves privations and hardships; that its pleasures should consist in excellence of drill rather than in carousing around the festive board; in a word, that it is a serious preparation, and not an idle amusement. To this effect, the laws should be rigid, and rigidly enforced, whatever grumbling may be occasioned thereby. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and those who cannot make this slight sacrifice are unworthy of the blessing. The security of the commonwealth is not to be endangered, that a few idlers may squirt tobacco-juice over the pavement.

Another cause of the decline in the present system, is the incapacity of the officers. Some days ago in a litigious and contentious portion of the city, the children had (as is their wont in that locality, much to the annoyance of its inhabitants,) assembled to parade. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war

was not wanting to the display. Paper plumes rustled and stick-swords flourished in the evening air, while the spirits of the infantry were animated by the inspiring vibrations of a toy-drum. As the author approached, they were engaged in the weighty business of selecting a Commander. At length, one stepped forth with the decisive manner of a great leader, exclaiming, "I will be the captain, because I have the largest feather." That embryo hero displayed a profound insight into the working of our institutions. Whatever may be the criterion which many beat companies set before themselves in choosing their officers, military knowledge is certainly not one; and so far as actual service is concerned, the length of their plumes would oftentimes be as good a distinction as that which is adopted. Strange as it may seem, they are sometimes elected upon condition that the duty shall be made as light as possible, which is generally equivalent to no drill at all. If the officers knew, or would learn, their duty, almost any system might suffice for most of the purposes for which Militia are required; and without this the best troops in the world are useless in the present age of warfare. The history of the British army in the Crimea is the most instructive lesson that could be taught to our people. The spectacle was there presented to the world of a collection of men as brave as any other, disciplined to perfection, so far as drill was concerned, and, in a hand-to-hand encounter, equal to their enemies, come they whence they may, yet wasting away with the rapidity of a forced march, sacrificed file by file, squadron by

squadron, and regiment by regiment, their approaches scarcely within musket-shot on the day of assault, and finally refusing to mount the breach. All of this because, from the Commander-in-chief down, there was, with few exceptions, not a single officer in the army capable of discharging the duties of his station. Under such circumstances, the courage and gallantry of the Cid would be of no avail. In the Militia system, it is not to be expected, that the officers should be equal, in all respects, to the emergencies of a campaign; but they should, at least, be required to know the rudiments of their duty, and not allowed to bring the position into disrepute by their ignorance. It is said, that the object of the higher grades is political influence. This is partly true, but not necessarily an objection, for some inducement beyond mere military distinction must be offered, otherwise few would assume the onerous duties of the station; and the objection is not so much to the motives for which the position is sought as to the manner in which its duties are neglected. Unless this evil can be corrected, there is no hope of an efficient system, and the sooner it is abolished the better.

But it is necessary to keep in view constantly the proper relation between what is desirable, and what is possible. A portion of the population is capable of high improvement, a portion not, and the plan should fit both. It should, moreover, furnish a certain quantity of efficient troops, ready for immediate service, and another portion that might, with some little exertion, be got ready in a reasonable time. And as every person in this country is

engaged in some active occupation, and as time consequently is valuable, its loss should fall upon that class of the community that can best afford to sustain it. With these principles, a system might be framed, which would accomplish most of the desired ends.

Since every citizen is indebted to the State for the protection of his life and property, he should be required to contribute to the protection of both. Hence all should be required to serve in the militia. Some are incapacitated, by bodily infirmities, from discharging the duty. They should be excused; but only upon the certificate of the regimental surgeon to that effect. The Legislature has made certain other exceptions, which are proper when the offices are such as render their duties incompatible or conflicting with the military service. But it should be rigidly exacted of all others.

The military age has been fixed at from eighteen to forty-five, which limits are perhaps as good as any that can be suggested. This age should be divided into three periods. The first might include ten years, from eighteen to twenty-eight. The second twelve, from twenty-eight to forty. The third five, from forty to forty-five.

The first class would contain about eighteen per cent. of the white population of the State. This is the period when men are seldom embarrassed with families, and when they are most capable of acquiring information, and willing to submit to discipline. These twelve years of service should, therefore, be rigidly exacted. But as education is frequently extended within the limits of this period, the

time so spent should be deducted.

As matters are at present conducted, many persons escape altogether, from default of the summoning-corporal, which should not be allowed; and it should be rendered obligatory upon every person, on attaining the age of eighteen, to report himself to the proper officer of his beat. The organization should be by company and regiment, as at present, though as the regimental beats would be twice as large as they now are, it might be convenient to constitute each wing of the regiment into a sort of demi-battalion. When the whole regiment is assembled, of course the laws of the United States for the organization of the army and militia would come into vigour, and each regiment would consist of one battalion only, and the lieutenant-colonel and major would resume their proper functions. This class should constitute the effective force of the State, and a high degree of efficiency be demanded. The number of obligatory drills should be increased. All that the militia are to learn must be learnt now; and it should be required of them that the essentials of military service should be familiar. This class should be exempted from military tax upon presenting a certificate from the captain, that they have been regularly enrolled, or one from the surgeon, that they are excused on account of bodily infirmity, or an affidavit, that they have not resided within the limits of the State since they attained the age of eighteen, or that they are still acquiring their education at some public seminary of learning. The requirements are necessarily stringent, otherwise great injustice is done to those who

are willing to do their duty. Upon attaining thirty, every person in service may demand from the commander of his company a certificate of discharge, which shall be granted after a service for twelve years, or for so much of that period as he has been resident within the State, and liable to duty; of which certificate the officer giving the same shall inform the tax-collector.

The second class should include all residents liable to duty between the ages of twenty-eight and forty, who are not actually enrolled in the first class. This class should be liable to a military tax, two-thirds, or even a larger proportion, of which shall be remitted, upon production to the tax-collector of a certificate of discharge, or a certificate from the surgeon, as above-mentioned, or an affidavit that they have not resided, nor owned property, in the State between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight. The persons, therefore, liable to full tax would be such as had escaped service in the first class, without being entitled to an exemption. The organization should be the same, but the service required should be materially lighter, as they are rather in the nature of a reserve, but it should be sufficient to keep up the knowledge which they had previously acquired. The company drills might be limited to a certain number, say two each year. Any officer in the first class over thirty, possessing the other requisite qualifications, should be eligible to office in the second class. The military tax would doubtless be objected to, but it is easily avoided by continuing to serve in the first; and would fall heavily only on the rich, who are especially in-

terested in the preservation of good order, and are yet most anxious to escape the performance of the duties. It is a matter of vital importance to a republic, that the separation of the upper from the lower ranks of society, such as exists at the North, should be prevented; and no means is so efficacious for this purpose as the duty of Militia service. When thus forced into contact, education and character will always have their influence; if separated, the practical government of the country is given into the hands of those who are least capable of exercising it. The second class would include about fourteen per cent. of the white population. On attaining forty years of age, a certificate should be demandable, as in the first class, of which notice should be given to the tax collector by the officer granting it.

The third class should include all residents liable to duty, between the ages of forty and forty-five, not in actual service, nor provided with a certificate of discharge from the second class. No military duty should be imposed upon this class, but simply a military tax. A certain proportion of which, but not the whole, might be remitted to such as were incapable of serving during the period from eighteen to forty; as it is only just that they should contribute, in some measure to the defence of the country; and the tax return should state whether the party be within the age of liability. The property even of those who are non-residents should be liable.

With this system, it would be difficult to escape the performance of the duty, and the burthen would fall upon those who have most leisure and inclination

for the military. The inducement to avoid it would be partly remedied by the future penalties; a release from which could be obtained in no other way than by a proper certificate of a previous compliance. It would be highly desirable to make the exercise of the electoral privilege dependent upon military service, but that would involve an alteration of the constitution.

It has been proposed to abolish the militia system entirely, and to substitute the volunteer in its place; but to this there are insuperable objections. One of the great objects, viz.: of teaching every man some little about the first elements of combination, would be entirely lost. The volunteer force is a very uncertain dependence, except in the cities, where their vanity and rivalry have some effect in preserving discipline. It involves also more or less expense, and thus many a good man is kept out of the ranks. Volunteer corps should be encouraged upon the condition of maintaining efficiency, otherwise they are productive, in the country, of harm rather than good, as they seduce into an undeserved confidence. What encouragement could be offered is a more difficult question. But,

*"Quid leges*

*Sine moribus, vanæ proficiunt."*

All this is of no avail unless a remedy can be devised for the inefficiency of the officers. There are two methods by which information is acquired—the one by teaching one's self, the other by being taught. Neither of these is adequate of itself; the first, because of the ignorance and indolence of many of the officers; the second, because of the want of opportunity. The increased

amount of instruction in the first class would, to a certain degree, remedy these defects. But as the State cannot distribute capacities and industry along with knapsacks, the only effective method is to keep such out of the ranks of commissioned officers. Every officer should, therefore, not later than three months after his election, come before an examination board, composed of his own grade, and presided over by a field-officer, if the applicant be under that rank, and a general-officer, if over, with a right of appeal, or of a second trial, to be granted by the officer commanding next in rank, if he see fit. As no one is obliged to be an officer, those presenting themselves should be subjected to a strict examination, at least, upon all the duties of the command to which they aspire; and captains and colonels should be required to know, in addition, the drill respectively of the regiment and brigade. The requisitions upon a staff-officer should be still greater. At present, these offices are mostly farces. The quarter-master having about as much skill in his department as the chaplains and chief-buglers have in theirs. Bad as ignorance is in the line, it is still worse in the staff, for among the officers in the line, some one may be found in the day of difficulty capable of assuming command, but the existence and equipment of the troops depends upon the staff, and frequently upon one officer alone, whose inefficiency or negligence might compromise the honour of the State, and the safety of all involved. Candidates for the grade of general-officers, of the rank of colonel, should be exempt from examination, because very few

are fit for the duty of examiners, and because a general's efficiency depends upon so many things, that it would be absurd to pronounce him qualified, because of his capacity simply to perform the functions of peace. The Aide-de-Camp of his Excellency the Governor, should likewise be exempt, their excellence consisting rather in social than in warlike prowess. As the obligation thus imposed upon the officers might prove rather onerous, they should be excused from further liability, either to duty or taxation, after ten years' service, during seven of which they were in commission.

Having secured competent officers, the next step is to see that they do their duty faithfully; and here everything depends upon the Colonels of regiments, who, for the most part, neglect their obligations utterly. Yet it is difficult to suggest any remedy, for, after attaining so high a rank, the ordinary punishments are of no effect, and "moral suasion" must take the place of the birch. The only hope is in the Adjutant-General and his aids. But the power of the Governor to remit fines should be restricted, otherwise few adjutant-generals will be willing to encounter the odium of court-marshalling officers of high position, merely that the Commander-in-chief may have the pleasure of remitting the penalty.

It may be said, that this system is too stringent. It certainly is in earnest, and nothing but an earnest system will be of any avail to the purpose. If the State be not really in earnest, it is better to abolish the military part of the duty at once, and confine ourselves to suppers, commencing with "The day we cel-

ebrate," and ending with "Woman! the last and dearest gift to man." A vast amount of time will thus be saved, and no small expense to the State in the way of armour.

The ordnance department of the State should be placed upon an efficient footing, not necessarily by appointing new officers, but by requiring those in service to do their duty. It would be very unadvisable to arm the State thoroughly with any of the newly invented arms, because the progress of improvement is so rapid, that they would soon be out of date, but enough should always be kept on hand to arm two regiments with the latest improvements. In this way, the old musket would gradually be discarded, and the rifle or rifle-musket substituted in its place, which is the only arm fit for service in our country. It is of the highest importance also, that we should introduce the short, Roman sword of the French infantry, or what is better still the machete of the Spanish. Armed as our troops are, a very slight barricade of brush-wood would stop any number for a considerable time; but in the machete, every man would be furnished with a portable axe, equally serviceable to thrust into an enemy's body, or to cut sticks for a fire. All of these weapons should be retained in the arsenal until required for actual service, as in the universal neglect of their duty by the inspecting officers, it would be mere waste to distribute them. If the fines were enforced, there would be sufficient money in the military treasury to relieve the State of a considerable portion of the expense to which she is subjected, and which falls alike upon those



who should and those who should not pay.

The drill for the militia requires also some alteration, at least in the low country. The revolution which has taken place on this subject is flattering to American pride. The English, —the only enemies whom we have ever met on our own soil, made themselves merry at our fancy for skirmishing. Experience has shown that it is to be the usual method of fighting so far as firearms are concerned, and probably two-thirds of the powder that is hereafter burnt, will be burnt in this way. Thus alone can the full advantage of fire over pikes be obtained. During the late war, so soon as the country was rid of generals who were supposed to be qualified to command armies, because they had led a handful of partizans in the revolution, and capable men were substituted in their place, we appreciated the benefit of the system which is now adopted throughout Europe. The day for mere brute force is rapidly passing away. In a late number of *RUSSELL*, it was said that General Smallwood formed a regiment, in which none under six feet were admitted. Would it be possible to give a more striking instance of utter ignorance as to what really constituted the soldier? As though it were mere height and not energy, activity, intelligence and courage. Such regiments are among the things of the past, except for the purpose of parading about a palace. The French campaign in Italy has extinguished many an old prejudice, and this among them. If beef and beer could have carried the day, their success would have been very different. The requisites of a mo-

dern soldier are cool courage, discipline, intelligence, a sound, vigorous body, capable of endurance and activity. Without these, the Minie ball and the skirmishing drill could with difficulty be resisted even in our forests. It would, therefore, be proper to require that all the companies in the State should be exercised as skirmishers, which is by no means bush-fighting, as is generally supposed, but a regular drill, uniting apparent disorder with order, madness with method, the benefit of isolated with that of combined action. It would be a delusion to suppose that we possess at present the same superiority in this method of fighting as we did in the Revolution or in 1812. The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Orleans are as good rangers as the best backwood's-man, and know a good deal more about the art of taking care of themselves in a tight place, besides being much better armed. The English themselves have caught a little of this spirit, though they naturally make a poor turn-out. Now the only way of fighting fire is with fire, and the sooner we commence adopting this system the better.

There is one other point in the system which requires a thorough revision, viz., the court martials, and the method of enforcing their decisions, and the law in general. A list of fines is made out and handed to the sheriff, and there it remains. Every company and regiment should, if possible, be made interested, to a certain extent, in their enforcement, and perhaps a percentage might be advantageously given to some official, as it is astonishing how much one's patriotism and determina-

tion to do his duty *ruat cælum*, are stimulated by a little lucre.

As ours is not a military journal, we merely throw out the above suggestions apropos of the pamphlets at the head of this article, to show that we participate in the general interest felt upon the subject.

One of them is the report of Major McCrady, recommending a "Select Militia," in which the matter is very thoroughly discussed. We agree in the principles of the report, but it leans rather too much, in our opinion, towards the formation of a standing force, such as are necessary in Prussia and Switzerland, which countries are exposed from week to week to invasion and war. The plan submitted by Messrs. Manigault, Hatch and Lucas, is liable to a similar objection. The defence of the State and of good order is entrusted, too exclusively, to a certain portion of the population, which is of questionable policy. No citizen should be permitted to feel himself exempt from a direct and overwhelming interest in both. Nor should his prejudices or wishes in the matter be consulted. There are, doubtless, a great many who would gladly shift from their shoulders the burden of jury, militia, patrol, and even legislative duty; but the question of liberty is involved in the participation by every one in the great duties of the State, and those who are too indolent to perform those functions, are too indolent for a Republic.

We think there is also an omission in both their plans, viz.:

some means of securing a greater efficiency on the part of officers. We may alter and amend the system as much as we please, but little benefit will result therefrom, unless those charged with a duty discharge that duty. It is so in every department of life—the executive, the judiciary, the diplomatic, &c. The best court will fail if entrusted to persons who carry their prejudices into their decisions, or who neglect their functions; and the best laws are useless if governors and juries refuse to enforce them. Every alteration, therefore, which does not present some plan for improving the standard of qualification is essentially defective; for the men, even in war, are poor judges of what is requisite, and in our piping times of peace, personal popularity is the sole criterion. The best fellow in the company may not necessarily know the butt of the gun from the muzzle. It would be ruinous to the militia to deprive them of the right of electing their own officers, and, therefore, the only means of attaining the end in view, is to require the electors to select competent officials. Of this they certainly cannot complain. But with these differences of opinion, we recommend to every one the perusal of the various projects that have been presented, in the hope that the next Legislature may be able to embody the enlightened opinions of the State, in some form that will provide for our security, and at the same time give satisfaction to all concerned.

## THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE; AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

CHAPTER XIX.—*Concluded.*

DON PEDRO.—By this light he changes more and more. I think he be angry, indeed

CLAUDIO.—If he be he knows how to turn his girdle.

BENEDICT.—Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUDIO.—God bless me from a challenge.

—*Much ado about Nothing.*

Sir Rowland Hill, with a stout division, had been posted during the winter at Coria, facing Marshal Soult in the valley of the Tagus—holding him to bail not to disturb the peace and quiet of the British army cantoned along the frontier. The Marshal had now swallowed or pocketed all that he could find in the rich, but hapless vale of Plasencia, and of late had been casting hungry glances on the country south of the river. This had induced Sir Rowland to ride over from Coria to Alcantara, to look to his line of communication with the southern provinces. This old city had been long sinking into decay; the French General, Lapisse, spent one night in it four years ago, and well nigh completed the work which time had begun. Still its position and its famous bridge, one arch of which had been blown up, and had now been hastily repaired, made it an important point at this time.

In a Gothic hall, which looked as if it had not long since been visited by the Vandals, but which had of old been often thronged with members of the once chivalrous order of Alcantara, now as effete in knighthood as that of Malta; a military secretary was writing at a small table, at the dictation of Sir Rowland Hill, who

stood near, perchance, as good a knight as ever trod that floor. Officers came in to him, and were sent out again on various missions. Lord Strathern was seated by a larger table at the other end of the room, conversing gaily with his fellow-travellers from Elvas, and waiting Sir Rowland's leisure.

Sir Rowland presently looked at his watch, and raising his voice, inquired—"My Lord, has L'Isle come yet?"

"Not yet," Lord Strathern answered with a smiling countenance, while Sir Rowland's expressed disappointment. He knew that the commander-in-chief was about to order a combination of simultaneous movements. Every part of the allied force from Galicia to Andalusia had its task allotted, and he was anxious to know how far the *bonde d'Abispalis* levies could be relied on.

"L'Isle is usually before his time," said Sir Rowland. "Do you think he got my order yesterday?"

"I have little doubt of it," said my lord.

"But I doubt his being here soon," said Bradshawe, dipping in his oar to trouble the waters. "He had to go last night to a concert in Elvas."

"A concert detain him! I do not understand that."

"Nor I, Sir Rowland," said Bradshawe, coolly. "I only heard it without pretending to understand it."

Sir Rowland looked puzzled, but his unfinished dispatch claimed his attention, and he turned again to his secretary.

Meanwhile Lord Strathern was in high spirits. "The hour has come, but not the man!" he said, and began to triumph over Conway, and laugh at L'Isle so merrily, that he would have soon found it in his heart to forgive the latter all his offensive strictures on him. But, suddenly, his merriment gave place to a look of surprise and disappointment. Conway, turning to ascertain the cause, saw L'Isle walk into the room as if he had come hither at his leisure; yet, something in his bearing, betraying that his pride was in arms.

"I am glad to see you, L'Isle," said Sir Rowland. "I were loath to close my dispatch without adding the intelligence you might bring me. By the bye, some of these gentlemen thought that you would not be here so soon."

"They must have supposed that I had not received your order, sir," said L'Isle, glancing haughtily round on Lord Strathern; "but, having got it, I am here."

"It seems to have cost you hard riding though, and more fatigue than you are yet equal to," said Sir Rowland, remembering his late wounds. "And you have had a fall," he added, observing some marks on his clothes.

"Not from my horse," said L'Isle, shortly and somewhat bitterly. "But it is of no consequence," and he hastened to produce his notes and furnish Sir Rowland with the information expected from him.

Besides the unerased marks of a fall, L'Isle's clothes were travel-stained, and his face was pale;

less, perhaps, from fatigue and loss of sleep, than from the violent excitement and revulsion of feelings he had lately undergone. But he soon withdrew Sir Rowland's attention from himself to his full and precise account of the state of the Andalusian reserve, and the garrison of Badajoz.

"I am glad to find that this body of Spanish troops are not, like too many Spanish armies, men of straw, an army on paper," said Sir Rowland. "The French are trying to occupy so extended a position here in Estremadura, that our Andalusian friends may do capital service in harrassing their out-posts and cutting off their convoys."

"If they can be kept out of the plains, and induced not to fight," said L'Isle smiling. "But the Spaniard is always seeking to surround the enemy, and force him to battle."

"At all events," said Sir Rowland, "I can now give Lord Wellington a definite and reliable account of their condition;" and, making a sign to L'Isle to accompany him, he walked across the room and seated himself at the larger table. Here he held a somewhat prolonged conference with Lord Strathern, in which the other gentlemen were, at times, called upon to take part. When compelled to speak, L'Isle distinguished himself by giving admirable specimens of the lapidary style, not one spare word. Sir Rowland had many questions to ask and instructions to give; but, these over, he gave a less *business like* turn to the conversation, and then said—"I hope, my lord, you and these gentlemen will share my poor dinner to-day; but, remember, I am not at home in Alcantara, and cannot feast you, as do your friends at Elvas; neither can we sit long

and drink deep, as I must return to-night to Coria."

"We will dine with you with pleasure," said Lord Strathern. "Pray, Bradshawe, who could have told Sir Rowland that we sit long and drink deep at Elvas?"

"Some thirsty fellow," said Bradshawe, "who had drained the last drop from his last bottle."

"Oh, my lord," said Sir Rowland, laughing; "I meant no insinuation, but I must finish my dispatch," and he returned to his secretary.

While Lord Strathern and his companions awaited Sir Rowland's leisure, L'Isle sat moodily apart, turning an unsocial shoulder towards his lordship, giving him a glimpse of his back.

Lord Strathern smiled; he saw the earth stains, and saw, moreover, evident marks of anger and chagrin in L'Isle's demeanor. His curiosity was strongly excited, and he resolved to make the silent man find his tongue.

"Pray, L'Isle, how came you to let your horse slip from under you, and measure your length in the road?"

"You are mistaken my lord," said L'Isle, formally; "my horse did not throw me."

"You are so used to success that you will acknowledge no failure—not even a fall from your horse, or your hobby-horse. Perhaps you got tired and took a nap by the roadside, which accounts for your getting here no sooner."

L'Isle was too angry to trust himself with an answer, but Major Conway, turning to Bradshawe, said gaily, "Colonel L'Isle is here soon enough for me; he is within the time, and I have won the fifty guineas."

L'Isle started. Here was a revelation! His last night's adventure was no secret. There were

more parties to the plot than he had imagined.

"Sir!" said he, turning upon Conway, with a cold, hard manner, "Am I to understand that you have done me the honour to bet on my movements?"

"Here is gratitude for you," exclaimed Conway, pacifically appealing to his companions, and his voice attracted Sir Rowland's attention. "Here have I been showing for him the height of friendship, hazarding my best friends, my guineas, on his infallible fulfilment of duty; and my full faith in him is received as an outrage."

"I suppose, sir," said L'Isle, turning on Bradshawe, with freezing politeness, "it is you who have so obligingly afforded my volunteer backer so singular an opportunity of proving his friendship?"

"I cannot claim the credit of it," answered Bradshawe, with easy urbanity, "I am not even a stakeholder in the game; though, as a mere looker-on, I confess having watched it with keen and growing interest." And with a little wave of the hand he passed L'Isle gently over to Lord Strathern.

L'Isle looked from the imperturbable Colonel to the pacific Major, who professed to be so zealously his partizan, and back again to the former. Not seeing how he could fasten a quarrel on either, he turned somewhat reluctantly on Lord Strathern, who complacently awaited him.

"As for you, my Lord, I might have felt surprise at your making me the subject of such a bet, but it is lost in astonishment at the means you took to win it!"

"And, after all, to lose it," said Lord Strathern, in a mock, dolorous tone. "Is it not provoking?"

"No scruple," continued L'Isle, "seems to have stood in your way,

my lord, in the choice of either means or agents."

"On the contrary," said Lord Strathern, blandly, "I always scrupulously choose the best of both."

"You must have contrived this plot," L'Isle persisted, "though the chief actor be in Elvas. But I will say no more here."

"A few words more, I pray," said Lord Strathern, smiling, "I understood that you were to have been detained in Elvas. How the devil did you get away?"

L'Isle turned abruptly away, seeing that the more anger and mortification he showed, the more gratified Lord Strathern seemed to be. Rising from his seat, he walked up to Sir Rowland, who had been watching him with much curiosity, and said: "I suppose, sir, you have no further use for me here. If so, pray excuse my absence from your table to-day, as I have occasion to return at once to Elvas."

Sir Rowland bid his secretary go and send off the dispatch at once; then looking fixedly at L'Isle, said: "I may need you here for a day or two."

L'Isle bit his lip, till the blood came, while Sir Rowland, stepping over to Lord Strathern, asked, in an under tone: "What is the matter with L'Isle, my lord? he seems strangely out of humour."

"The truth is, Sir Rowland," said his lordship, in a confidential tone, "somebody in Elvas has been quizzing L'Isle, and a man of his vanity cannot stand being quizzed."

"Quizzed!" said Sir Rowland, "can quizzing make a man mad?"

L'Isle dared not trust himself longer in Lord Strathern's company; he wanted time to recover his self-command; so he again addressed Sir Rowland: "That I left Elvas so suddenly, and unprepared for a prolonged absence, matters

little, Sir Rowland; but I have been so little with my regiment of late."

"Let your major take care of it a few days longer," Sir Rowland answered, in a positive tone.

"You had better let L'Isle go, Sir Rowland," said Lord Strathern, "he is afraid to lose sight of his regiment, lest they become banditti."

L'Isle's flushed cheek and compressed lips, showed that he felt the taunt, while Sir Rowland exclaimed, in surprise: "Are they so unruly? Then you must look to them yourself, my lord, for I shall keep Colonel L'Isle a while with me. The truth is, L'Isle, I divine your urgent business at Elvas. Some one there has given you gross offence, and you seek revenge under the name of satisfaction. There is always sin and folly enough in these affairs; but here, within sight of the smoke of the enemy's camp, and now, when we are about to fall upon them, these personal feuds are criminal madness. I would put you under arrest, sooner than let you post off to Elvas on so blood-thirsty an errand."

Sir Rowland uttered this speech with an air worthy of his Puritan uncle, of Calvinistic memory; but in spite of the respect due to the speaker, it was too much for the gravity of his hearers. Lord Strathern and his companions burst into a roar of laughter, and even L'Isle, amidst all his anger, felt tempted to join them.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Rowland, in grave astonishment, "I like a joke as well as any of you, pray explain this, that I may share your enjoyment."

Bradshawe, with an effort, cut short his laughter, to say: "As a neutral party, Sir Rowland, I will be Colonel L'Isle's surety, that in whatever mood he may set out for



Elvas, as soon as he finds himself in the presence of his enemy there, he will be gentle as a lamb."

"You deal in mysteries; who in Elvas is so safe from L'Isle's resentment?"

"Nobody but Lady Mabel Stewart."

"Lady Mabel, Stewart!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, looking at Lord Strathern. "If a lady contrived this plot, I shall never unravel it; so you must do it for me."

"Perhaps, the explanation," said Bradshaw, "would come more gracefully from my lord."

"If I knew the details of it," said Lord Strathern, interrupting his hearty laughter—for he seemed resolved, at all hazard, to recover his fifty guineas, in sport, out of L'Isle. "I can but tell the beginning; and then, Sir Rowland, you can squeeze the rest out of L'Isle himself."

"By all means," said Sir Rowland, "L'Isle, take a seat, and learn to stand fire. You must not dodge from a volley of laughter, that happens to be aimed at yourself."

L'Isle reluctantly sat down, while Lord Strathern said, "Have you ever discovered, Sir Rowland, that L'Isle is a monomaniac?"

"No! On what point?"

"Discipline! He is a little touched here," said my lord, laying his finger on his temple, "on the subject of discipline. He never eats heartily, nor sleeps quietly, but after detecting the breach of a dozen of the rules and regulations made for the government of his Majesty's troops. He fancies that they were made expressly to afford him the pleasure of detecting the breach of them."

"Is this disease prevalent in your brigade, my lord?" Sir Rowland inquired in a sarcastic tone.

"By no means—I have kept it down; for my method, looking to

the spirit, not the letter of the law, discourages it greatly."

"I have seen something of your method, my lord," said Sir Rowland, smiling, "but cannot say that I have mastered its peculiar merits."

"That is very likely," said Lord Strathern, complacently, "as every art has its mysteries—so each man may have some peculiar gift in the application of his art; even though taught by the same master, no two men's hand-writing are exactly alike; so each of us may have some inimitable peculiarity in his soldiership. It is certain that L'Isle, not understanding my more enlarged and liberal system, wished to force me into his own narrow notions, and when I would not yield to him, he intimated to me that I was training up banditti. I had to recommend to him the study of one of the articles of war, which he had overlooked. It treats of subordination, and of each man's minding his own business. Neither of us was very successful in keeping his temper; and, indeed, being a good deal ruffled, I afterwards spoke pretty freely of L'Isle's conduct to these gentlemen who dined with me. Mabel shared my feelings; and with my consent, set a trap for him, hoping to teach him that he himself might be caught tripping. How he escaped in time to get here you must learn from himself."

"Come, L'Isle, we have heard the prologue," said Sir Rowland, "be not bashful, but give us the comedy."

What was L'Isle to do? It was evidently something more than curiosity that made Sir Rowland so earnest to sift this matter. He could hardly refuse all explanation to him—and he felt that it would never do to give an account of Lady Mabel's behaviour to himself, as he had construed it. Lord Strathern, too, did not exactly know

what he was urging him to do. Suddenly recollecting Lady Mabel's note, L'Isle drew it from his pocket, and handed it to her father, for his private reading. To L'Isle's astonishment, Lord Strathern read it out with great *gusto*, and commented on it.

This was capital bait for the trap. "And pray, Mr. Interpreter, how did you and your principal get through the evening?"

"You see the dilemma, Sir Rowland," exclaimed Bradshawe, with glee. Here was a conflict of duties. Colonel L'Isle had to obey two commanders at one time, which Scripture tells us is difficult, if not impossible.

"L'Isle seems to have achieved the impossible," said Sir Rowland; "for I know you are too *gallant* a man, L'Isle, to neglect a lady's order for mine."

Sir Rowland's manner, though not his words, was urgent for an explanation; and L'Isle, being now fairly in for it, with an effort, gathered his wits together, and opened the narrative of his last night's adventure. He recounted Lady Mabel's successful efforts to amuse and occupy him into a forgetfulness of the flying hours—her artful delays before setting out—their slow but pleasant drive up hill to Elvas—the animated and well sustained part she had played throughout the evening—her wit, her satire, and her singing, and his own labours as interpreter, acknowledging many foolish things of his own, in his efforts to be witty and amusing according to contract. He described her well-feigned fear of returning home in the dark without an escort, the brilliantly lighted house and well-timed supper, at which, unconscious of the flight of time, he sat listening to her diverting talk, including her piquant sketch of Sir

Rowland's glorious dinners and tactical lectures, and the value his officers set on each. Here his auditors had each an opportunity of laughing at each other, and being laughed at in turn.

L'Isle strove to make Lady Mabel appear witty, amusing, and adroit; he gave edge to her satire, keenness to her wit; but carefully rounded off all the more salient points of her acting. He said nothing of her singing "Constant my heart," at him. He did not hint at his taking her hand in the coach, or kissing it at the supper table; but dilated on her skilful libel on old Moodie's sobriety, and her well-acted dread of the house-breaking banditti, from whom he could best protect her, as they are no other than his own men.

Though L'Isle did not get through his narrative with the best possible grace, he was doubly successful in it; at once greatly amusing his auditors, yet exhibiting Lady Mabel only as a witty girl, who had merely played the part allotted to her with mischievous pleasure and consummate tact. But he attained this at the cost of showing himself an easy dupe to her arts, and getting well laughed at for his pains. It cost L'Isle no small effort to do this. It was, in fact, a heroic self-sacrificing act; for he was not used to being laughed at, and there is something highly amusing in compelling a man to tell a story which makes him more and more ridiculous at every turn. But while showing so much consideration for Lady Mabel, so far was he from beginning to forgive her ill-usage of him, that the constraint he had put upon himself only embittered his feelings towards her.

As to Lord Strathern, he was delighted with the account of *Ma Belle's* cunning manœuvres and

witty speeches, even to the point of laughing heartily at her satire on himself; and he revelled in L'Isle's ill-concealed mortification, exclaiming, "What a pity the plot failed by Mabel's unmasking too soon. That and your good horse enabled you to keep your appointment at the risk of your neck. Why, L'Isle, you might have become a ballad hero. Mabel would have put your adventure in verse, and set it to music, and you would have been sung by all our musical folks, from Meyer Lumley down to the smallest drummer boy. You are a lucky fellow—but this time your luck has lost you fame."

"And how did you get away at last?" asked Sir Rowland, fully convinced that L'Isle had been a prisoner, under lock and bar.

The earth-stains on L'Isle's clothes might have testified that he had gotten a bad fall in jumping out of a lady's window, at two o'clock in the morning. But this is a scandalous world. L'Isle remembered Bradshawe, without looking at him, and evaded the question.

"I found old Moodie, lantern in hand, at the open gate, looking as

if he had drank nothing but vinegar in a month, the picture of sour sobriety!"

Sir Rowland had striven in vain not to join in the laugh; but, in spite of himself, was much diverted at L'Isle's adventure. But he was provoked at the usage his favourite colonel had incurred, for the best of faults—too much zeal for the service; and he longed to discuss with Lord Strathern the propriety of setting traps for his own officers, when posting, with important intelligence, to their common commander. But there was a lady in the case, and Sir Rowland was afraid to broach the subject; Lord Strathern, too, though his subordinate was nearly old enough for his father—a man of high rank, and a known good soldier; so he put off the discussion to a more convenient season. As to L'Isle, Sir Rowland had been watching him closely, and saw something in his eye and bearing that betrayed too much exasperation for him to be trusted to return at once to Elvas. So, Sir Rowland invented, on the spot, a special duty for him, and bid him accompany him, that evening, to Coria.

## CHAPTER XX.

RALPH.—Help down with the hangings.

ROGER.—By and by, Ralph.

I am making up the trunks here.

RALPH.—Who looks to my lady's wardrobe? Humphrey!

Down with the boxes in the gallery,  
And bring away the couch-cushions.

SHORTHOSE.—Will it not rain?

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices  
To stop this journey.

—Wit without Money.

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not:  
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world  
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses, and cracked crowns,  
And pass them current, too. Gods! me my horse!

—Henry IV.

Lord Strathern returned the next day to Elvas, and found his daughter very desolate, and full of more than filial anxiety to see him. She was alone, for the Commissary had, the day before, sent off his heavy baggage towards Lisbon. Lady Mabel would, at any time, have grieved at parting with a true-hearted friend like Mrs. Shortridge; but now other troubles weighed heavy on her, and so aggravated her obvious grief, while the chief cause was hidden, that her kind friend, the *good lady*, was deeply moved and greatly flattered at perceiving it. Had she staid longer in Elvas, Lady Mabel would have confided her troubles to her, knowing that, though she might not think wisely, she could feel rightly, and give both advice and sympathy. But, after a struggle of hesitation, she let Mrs. Shortridge depart in ignorance, receiving from her many kind messages and adieus for L'Isle.

Perhaps it was best that it should be so; for, had the good lady learned the usage her favourite had met with, she might, for once in her life, have boiled over with indignation.

"Well, *Ma Belle*," said Lord Strathern, as soon as he was alone with his daughter, "so that fellow, L'Isle, beat us, after all, at our own game. I did expect that your woman's wit would have carried it through successfully."

"Would to Heavens, papa, my woman's wit, as you call it, had been sufficient to keep me out of it altogether. How could you think of putting such a part upon me? I never would have dreamed of it, if you had not urged—insisted on my detaining him here. What is Colonel L'Isle to me, that I should manoeuvre to keep him in Elvas, when Sir Rowland Hill expects him in Alcantara? And as for my resenting your quarrels with him, there is an impropriety in it, and yet more in the mode you made me adopt. I am ashamed of myself—I am ashamed of you, papa, for conceiving it."

"And to fail, after all," said Lord Strathern. "And yet, by L'Isle's own account, you played your part *well*."

"His account!" exclaimed Lady Mabel. "To whom?"

"To us all—Sir Rowland, Bradshawe, Conway, and myself. He

was disposed to be sulky and silent, at first; but, with Sir Rowland's help, we drew it all out of him."

"Drew it all out of him?" said Lady Mabel, in a faltering tone. She gasped for breath, and her cheek grew pale. But, the next moment, the blood rushed into her face, and she exclaimed: "What? Did Colonel L'Isle give you a full account of the party—of all that occurred that evening?"

"Full and minute. He was very reluctant to tell, as we were all laughing at him; but Sir Rowland is a good inquisitor, and made him speak out, and at length. I did not know he had so good a memory, or you so much wit."

"For Heaven's sake, papa, what did he tell you?" Lady Mabel sat watching her father with eager eyes, her hands firmly clasped, and her heel impatiently tapping the floor, while she strove to master her almost uncontrollable confusion and anxiety.

"Why, he handed me your note," said Lord Strathern. "Perhaps he meant it for my eye alone; but it was such capital bait for the trap, that I read it aloud. He then seemed to make up his mind to conceal nothing. He told us of your artful delays, your slow-paced, coach-crawling up-hill—of your efforts to entertain Mrs. Shortridge's company, and keep him employed as interpreter—your songs, and your care to prolong the amusements of the evening—your affected fears at riding home in your old coach with your new postillion. He described your supper-party, and repeated your entertaining conversation, your libel on Moodie, gone drunk to bed, and your satire on Sir Rowland and the rest of us; your well-acted terror of robbers, and your triumph over him when you thought the game was won. If you had not been over-confident

and too hasty, Mabel, we would have had L'Isle on the hip."

"Was that *all* he told you?" asked Lady Mabel.

"Why? Was there anything more to tell?" inquired her father.

Lady Mabel drew a deep, long breath. "Then he said nothing about my—my singing—'Constant my heart' to him?"

"How?" exclaimed Lord Strathern. "Did you sing 'Constant my heart' at him?"

"How could I help it, papa, it came in so pat to the purpose?"

"The devil it did! It seems you did not mean to fail, by under-acting your part. It is lucky he forgot to mention it. Was there anything more?"

"And he said nothing about squeezing my hand in the coach?" asked she, hesitatingly, "when I showed so much fear of its overturning."

"Squeezing your hand?"

"Or of his kissing it, after supper?"

"What? Had he got on so far? And pray, madam, what did you tell him?"

"Tell him?" said Lady Mabel. "I was acting a part, you know, papa; so I told him his presumption had put Jenny Aiken quite out of countenance."

"By Jove! you were acting your part with a vengeance! Why not tell him, at once, never to kiss your hand when a third person was present?"

"How can you talk so, papa? I meant no such thing. But what account did he give of his leaving the house?"

"Merely that he hurried away when you unmasked the plot to him—hastened to Elvas to get his horse, and post off to Alcantara."

"Then he said nothing of his leaping out of the window?"

"Did he leap out of the window?"

"Or of my trying to hold him back?"

"What!" exclaimed Lord Strathern, starting up. "Did he escape by jumping out of the window, and you try to detain him?"

"The height was so great, I feared he would break his neck."

"Damn his neck!" said Lord Strathern, striding up and down the room. "Better a neck crushed than a reputation. Things have come to a pretty pass. You singing love-songs at him, he squeezing and kissing your hand—perhaps going further. In these cases, women never tell the whole truth! When he would escape by a leap from your window, you try to keep him by strength of arm. You get on finely, madam. Three months in the army have done wonders for you. Three months more will accomplish you so thoroughly, that you will be fit for no other society through life. I will tell you what, Mabel, I will not lose a moment, but bundle you up, and pack you off to your aunt, while you are yet worth sending!"

Between shame and indignation at this unjust assault from such a quarter, poor Lady Mabel burst into tears, and rushed off to her room, where she locked herself up, resolving never again to leave it, until she commenced her journey homeward. It was not long before her hasty father repented of his coarse and violent attack on her, in a case in which the heaviest fault was his own. He came rapping at her door, and, by dint of apologies, remonstrance and commands, brought her out, and induced her to spend the evening in his society. And a very uncomfortable evening it was to both of them.

Two days after this, L'Isle rode into Elvas, and brought orders with him that set the town astir. Such a breaking up of all the comforta-

ble and luxurious arrangements of messes and quarters had not been lately seen. For Elvas was the Capua of the brigade, which had to lighten itself of many an incumbrance, including much of what Shortridge termed its heavy baggage, in order to bring itself to a condition to march. There was many a woeful parting, too, and scandal says that the ladies of Elvas might have laid the dust with their tears. But we will leave these stories to Colonel Bradshawe.

All was confusion in the household at head-quarters. Lord Strathern had to bestir himself, to get both his brigade and himself ready to march by one route, and Lady Mabel had to prepare for her journey by another. It was now that Moodie's worth shone manifestly forth. The old coach and harness were overhauled and put in order. He secured, we believe, by impressment, another pair of mules and two postillions. Every leaf of the *hortus siccus* was carefully packed and put into the hands of an *arvieiro*, bound for Lisbon, and Jenny Aiken and William, the footman, were pulled and shoved about in a way that convinced them that it was time to be moving; yet he found plenty of time to spur up my lord's own servants, and push forward their preparations. Busy as Lord Strathern was, he failed not to remark Moodie's prompt methodical and energetic labours. He pronounced him the prince of quarter-masters, and a heavy loss to the army. "The old fellow would evacuate a fortress, or conduct a retreat with the precision of a parade, and not leave even a dropped cartridge to the enemy behind him." In fact, had Marshal Soult sworn to reach Elvas to-morrow, Moodie could not have been more on the alert in getting Lady Mabel ready to leave it. Not that



he was afraid of a Frenchman—he would willingly have faced him, and made his mark upon him—but when all might be lost, and nothing gained by staying, Moodie, like Xenophon, was proving his soldieryship by a speedy, yet orderly retreat. He was carrying off Lady Mabel, *via* the villages of Lisbon and London, to his stronghold of Craggy-side, where, he trusted, she would be safe from L'Isle and Poper.

Many signs of a speedy flitting were now seen about head-quarters. Lady Mabel sat melancholy and alone in her half-dismantled drawing-room. To-morrow, she is again to enter the desert of Alemtejo, on her way back to Lisbon. What a relief she would have found in busy preparations, even for that dull journey, now robbed of all the charms of novelty and expectation; but Moodie's industrious alacrity had deprived her even of this resource. She was ready, and, instead of busy preparations, had only sad thoughts to occupy her. About to part with that father, of whom she had known more in the last three months than in all her life before, for hitherto her's had been but a child's knowledge of him—loving him and proud of him—for the defects she began to see she viewed but as minor blemishes, foreign to his nature, and due solely to that long career in which he had known no home, nor companionship, but what he found in garison and field; she could not conceal from herself the new career of danger he was about to run. Everything she heard indicated that he was now to march to fields, where war's wild work would be urged on with a fury, and on a scale for which the last five campaigns, great as their results had been, were but the preparation. She shuddered to think that, yet a few

days or weeks, and the veteran of near forty years of service may lie on his last field. This, perhaps, was not her greatest grief, but she strove to make it so, and sat gloomily and anxiously awaiting her father's return from Elvas.

Presently she heard the sound of horses' hoofs clattering on the pavement of the court. Rising from her melancholy posture, she was going to meet her father, when, on opening the door, Colonel L'Isle stood before her.

All the incidents of the last evening they had spent together, particularly those which he had so carefully suppressed from the narrative wrung from him, rushed upon her memory. Her folly and his generous forbearance stood facing each other. Casting her eyes on the floor, and grasping the handle of the door, to steady her tottering frame, she could only gasp out, "I expected my father."

"My lord is very busy in Elvas, and so indeed was I," said L'Isle, coolly; "but, as I march at sunrise to-morrow, I felt bound to borrow a few minutes from duty to take my leave of Lady Mabel Stewart."

She now recollected herself enough to let go the handle of the door, and make room for him to enter, and, by a motion of the hand, invited him to take a seat.

Taking a chair near her, L'Isle run his eye round the well-remembered room. Perhaps he was thinking his last visit here—perhaps remarking its dismantled, comfortless condition. It was not more changed than he was. All his earnest frankness of manner was gone. He seemed to have borrowed a leaf from Colonel Bradshaw's book; and his air of cool self-possession, his imperturbable manner, under the present trying circumstances, would have excited

that gentleman's admiration, but it added a chill to the discomfort of Lady Mabel's position.

Had he been angry, indignant, haughty, or sullen, it would have been an infinite relieve to her. She might have known how to deal with him, and perchance have soon brought him round to a very different mood. Now L'Isle evidently waited with cool politeness to hear some sound from her lips; and she at length stammered out, "I am very sorry that you are going—that is, that papa and all of you are going so soon."

"Our pleasant sojourn in Elvas is over!" said L'Isle, carelessly, "and Elvas is a pleasant place. Your stay here, too, has been quite an episode in winter quarters. We cannot thank you too much for the enlivening influence of your presence among us. I, for one, will ever carry with me a vivid recollection of it."

Lady Mabel bowed. How cold and formal did this sound in her ears.

"To do ourselves justice," continued L'Isle, "some of us have not been remiss in our efforts to enable you to pass your time pleasantly. I dare say now, were I to hold myself to a strict account, I could reckon up many an hour stolen from the dull routine of duties to devote it to Lady Mabel's service."

"I am surely deeply indebted to you for the hours you so borrowed to bestow on me," Lady Mabel answered, much at a loss what to say, and looking every way but at L'Isle. "When I look back, I cannot but be surprised at the amount of my gains, the knowledge and amusement I have crowded into three short months, and chiefly through you."

"That time has passed, however," said L'Isle, "I can no longer be at hand to afford you amuse-

ment. And as for knowledge, although older than you, and knowing more of life, the world, and perchance of books, I doubt whether you have been the greatest gainer in our intercourse. But feeling a deep interest in you, I sincerely hope that you may gain one precious lesson through me."

"What is that?" asked Lady Mabel eagerly—for the first time looking fully at him.

"Never again heartlessly to throw away a friend!" L'Isle said this more gravely than bitterly. Then rising, he bowed respectfully but formally, and was turning to go away.

Can she let him go without one word? But what can she say? She, at length, gasped out, "It was papa's doing."

"Your father's doing!" exclaimed L'Isle, with well-feigned astonishment. "Then Lady Mabel is an automaton," he added scornfully, "and I, blockhead that I am, never found it out till now! But I am thankful for wisdom even that comes too late. I now know Lady Mabel and myself."

Was not Lady Mabel now disarmed and defenceless? Completely at his mercy? By no means! In this extremity she sheltered herself behind her strongest defences. She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Was ever man more embarrassed than L'Isle? His proud, scornful air, vanished like a snow-flake in the fire—and forgetting all that had passed, he was seizing her hands to draw them away from her face, when old Moodie abruptly entered the room, and called out, "Colonel L'Isle, you are wanted in Elvas!"

"What the devil are you doing here?" said L'Isle, turning round quickly, and placing himself so as to hide Lady Mabel's face.

"My duty," said the old man sternly, "and they have sent for you to attend to yours!" for he saw that something had gone wrong; and he longed to get L'Isle out of the house.

Looking into the passage, L'Isle now saw an orderly, whom Moodie had officiously brought up-stairs from the door, and he hurried out to receive the man's message, and send him off. This done, he hastily re-entered the room to speak to Lady Mabel. But he was too late! The bird had flown, and her old Scotch terrier was covering her retreat, shutting the door of the next room behind her, and spitefully locking it in L'Isle's face.

At sunrise, the next morning, L'Isle marched his regiment out of Elvas. Setting his face sternly northward, he never once looked back on the serried ranks which followed him, until the embattled heights of La Lippe had hidden Elvas and its surroundings. Turning his back upon the past, he strove to look but to the future; but at the very moment of this resolve, memory cheated him, and he

caught himself repeating a line of Lady Mabel's song:

"All else forgotten, war is now my theme,"  
and the thrilling music of her intonation seemed to swell upon his ear. He hastily exchanged his quotation for a greater poet's words:

"He that is truly dedicate to war,  
Hath no self-love."

If it be possible to forget, he will have ample opportunity, amidst the crash of armies and the crumbling of an empire, to erase from his memory Elvas, and its "episode in winter quarters." From the heights of Truz os Montes, Wellington was now to make an eagle's swoop upon the north of Spain, and a lion's spring upon the herd, driven into the basin of Vittoria. The march now begun was to lead thence to the Pyrennees, Bayonne, Orthes, and Toulouse, and later to Paris, from the field of Waterloo. But who shall measure step by step, over conquered enemies and fallen friends, this long eventful road?

"To die beneath the hoofs of trampling  
steeds,  
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!"

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"It is said that jealousy is love, but I deny it; for though jealousy be produced by love, as ashes are by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love, as ashes smother the flame."

"God has placed no limits to the exercise of the intellect he has given us, on this side of the grave."—*Lord Bacon.*

"If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him."

"Motives are like harlequins; there is always a second dress beneath the first."

## EPISTOLARY GOSSIPINGS OF TRAVEL, AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

## NUMBER XXI.

BEAR HOUSE, Nov., 185—.

*My Dear Paul,—*

I have left my maid of Wesen, alas, the heavy day! and Wesen itself; where, but for the timely intervention of a seasonable or unseasonable fate, or by whatever other name you choose to style the hidden power that interposes so strangely, so imperatively, in the affairs of men and maidens, I might to this day have been a fixture. Think of S. Grunter, Esq., holding forth in Wesen! filling, perhaps, some respectable office, as mine host of the *l'Epée*, Strassen-inspector, Oberaufseher, or, may be, Pfündemann; and the little Grunters growing up patriotic Switzers, instead of free born, native Americans! while Mrs. G. should be one of the happy mothers in Helvetic Israel! What a variety of reflections offer their services in view of these things!

But I am embarked for the other end of Lake Wallenstadt. The shaky little "dampfschiff" is bearing me ever further away; my poor Lucie is waving her handkerchief in despair from the balcony. I can see her where she stands so lonely; but a few short moments since, I was standing there beside her. My arm is weary with returning her repeated waves; she puts her little hand to her eyes. She must be weeping. I think, with a spy-glass, I might discern a tear. I send back all it is in my power to send over the water; my eyes, my thoughts, my commiserations, my well-wishes, my prayers, my love. I kiss my hand to her. My

heart is in its place, but dreadfully shattered; and, nestling by its side, I find another little trembling one; and must I break this little confiding thing? Alas, the necessity! I must repair, with its pieces, the rents and damages of my own. Good-bye, poor Lucie! Good-bye, Lucie Landesmutter!

Pitiful Paul Potter—this parting how painful! It is the penalty they pay for being so sweet. Has not some good man said this before? No? then it is original. It is hard to say anything original now-a-days; everything has been said before. But I am sure I would stand on my head to serve them; I would willingly, for their sakes, do an aerial penance on my head, as lofty and as long as did the spiritual-minded Simeon Stylites. Who would do them harm? Who would bend the bow of calumny against them? Who so unmanly, but would defend them from its shafts? To win their favour, their esteem, ah, how would I strive with tenderest cork-screw insinuation, to penetrate the stopper of outward surroundings, and enter the bottle of their good opinion, there to be a welcome guest; thus to be bottled, how sublime! Paul, did Katrina thus bottle you? But what then? If fate will interpose, so that one cannot get up into this heaven of their regard in any other way, must not one use the ladder of Acesius?

Thus had I been cogitating with myself, when my speculations were interrupted by the approach of a Bull—not one of the horned spe-

cies—that would have been tolerable—but one of those biped Bulls, everywhere to be met with, unavoidable, and always disagreeable, because always selfish, exacting, and unaccommodating. With chin projecting, eye-glass to eye, and legs at “place-rest,” Bull had been profoundly contemplating the remarkable natural cavern through the summit of Mürtchenstock, a mountain of some seven thousand feet elevation on the southern shore; but apparently dissatisfied with the results of his speculations, he approached me, with a “Good day, sir;” when the conversation shaped as follows: “I’ve been looking at that strange ’ole up yonder in the mountain, and twying to study it out; can you tell me who made it, sir?”

“I believe it is conceded to have been perforated by a race of giants, once inhabiting the valley; a descendant of whom afterwards emigrated to the Causeway.”

“And about what time in ’istory was the work done, sir?”

“From certain fossiliferous remains about the vicinity, geologists think about the diluvial period.”

“Diluvial? and what may that be, sir?”

“A scientific term for the great submersion.”

“And what should you suppose was the *hobject* in making that ’ole so ’igh up?”

“The best authorities agree in the opinion, that the giants were pressed by the water on this side, and bored through the mountain to escape on the other.”

“Is it possible, sir?”

“Very.”

“And now, may I *hask*, who those thwee chaps are, sitting there in the long cloaks, bare-footed and bare-headed?”

“Those, sir, are friars of orders gray!”

“Fwians, fwians? may I *hask*

you to explain, sir? do you mean cooks?”

“No, sir; not of the culinary department, but monks of the clap-your-shin order.”

“Monks! can it be, sir? Clap-your shin! bless my soul, sir? you *hastonish* me!”

And out comes the note-book, and down go the details. Paul, it was a dreadfully snobbish *chose*. *Hold Hingland* sends out many such inquiring youths, pursuing knowledge under difficulties.

I shall not inflict upon you a detailed description of my route; though entering rather more into particulars than if you had been with me at this time. I am not going into ecstasies over the lake scenery, though very fine, and bringing portions of Loch Katrine to remembrance. Neither will I describe the prospect of the Sieben Churfürsten, which so soothed my feelings for the loss of my Lucie. Nor how the continued succession of superb views between Wallenstadt and Ragatz gradually succeeded in comforting me for my affliction. Neither am I going into a calculation to prove how long it will be before the deposits accumulating in the bed of the Rhine at Sargans will have sufficiently raised it to enable it to overcome the only obstacle to its flowing by the way of Wallenstadt and Zurich lakes, instead of Lake Constance, to the utter disgust of Schaffhausen. I shall not even ask you to go exploring with me up the gorge of the Tamina, and to the baths of Pfefers, though as illustrating the occasional whims, freaks and caprices of nature in her attempts at the extraordinary, it bears the palm of all spots in Europe; and though some one has remarked of it, that if its existence had been known to the old poets, they would undoubtedly have made it the entrance by which

they conducted their heroes to the infernal regions, instead of the "*facilis*" entrance, [by which we went down.] No, Paul, I will not allow myself to be "sejuiced" into any such circumstantial. We will have consideration for each other's infirmities; if some foolish people, and dyspeptics, choose to banish themselves from the world, and patronize those Pfeffers baths, sunk down in a dismal narrow chasm, among the rocks, nearly out of sight, and where the sun only casts a furtive glance, as he passes over at noon, if they find it romantic and good sport, and think it pays thus to be shut out from the world, why that is their own matter; we will not waste our ink and patience over them, or any of these things; for, look you, are they not all (saving the matter of my Lucie,) treated of in eloquent terms, with all the adjectives, in the "red hand-books?" Those books whose well-merited popularity used to, and doubtless does yet, give my friend, Coghlan, such alarming fits of jaundice. You know he styled the great favour in which Murray's hand-books were held by travellers the "scarlet fever." His opinion of the hospice on the Simplon, where you enjoyed the *tête à tête* with the dozing old padre, is thus expressed: "Dear and dirty damp sheets, hard bread, hard water, hard old hens, and, of course, hard eggs;" "this," he adds, "is what the 'red mask' calls good accommodation." Francis, thou art a sarcastic man.

Between Ragatz and Coire, I took, as usual, an outside seat. The road runs along the banks of the Rhine, in the midst of splendid mountain scenery. There stands the giant Falknisberg, like a grim sentry watching over the safety of his little sovereign principality of Lichtenstein, with its three and fifty square miles, eleven villages, and

contingent of fifty-five men. To the right, towers his brother of Galandee, crowned with snowy diadem; here breaks upon the valley the furious torrent of Lanquart, from his home in the wild recesses of the Prättigan; and, looking down from many a rocky pinnacle, the ruins of old feudal strongholds seem like chroniclers of the past, while they add present romance to the scene.

While journeying thus along the banks of this noble river, and calling to mind the various points at which, in its course of near a thousand miles, I had met it or embarked upon its waters; as I reflected on its history, ascending to a remote antiquity, and associated with so many stirring events of ancient and modern times, figuring conspicuously in almost every convulsion that has shaken Europe, from the days of Roman renown to our own times; as I dwelt on its romantic accessories of castles, and ruins, and legends, and songs; its ever-changing varieties of frowning mountains and vine-covered hill; of frost-girt vale and peaceful, blooming valley; of passes, and chasms, and falls, and lakes, its ancient cities, its magnificent scenery captivating the eye at every turn; I could not but acknowledge, that though inferior to many of our rivers in volume and length, the Rhine, as a whole, taken from its twin frost-cradles, rocked in the far-off solitudes of the Crispalt and Adula, stands unrivalled in the world. Rightly is he crowned King Rhine, for none with him

"Unite in one attaching maze,  
The brilliant, fair and soft—the glories  
of old days."

We drove into Coire. My recollections of this place are so mixed up with dogs, and cats, and rats, and mice, and fiddles, and bugs, and guitars, and drunkenness, and



dancing, and shouting, and screeching of women, and squalling of babies, that memory takes no delight in revisiting it. Yet it is a venerable seat, and interesting from being the oldest bishopric in Switzerland, its Roman origin, [the ancient Curia Rhoetoruni,] the peculiar style of its architecture, and its picturesque situation. But, as I said, I have no pleasure in it. That one night at the "Post" was sufficient to satisfy me with Coire. It seemed to be a night of universal revelry to all animate things, save myself, who seemed to be the audience. Bipeds, and quadrupeds, and multipeds, were all out, and all dancing together in a universal breakdown. My sleeping room opened upon the uproarious scene; the full benefit was mine of all the clash, and crash, and jargon. To add to my disquietude, a panel-door opened through the wall into some dark, mysterious-looking passage of unknown termination, and sufficiently suspicious appearance. I did not know, all that long night, what head, or something, might at any given moment walk into my room through that door. Never, after a night of anxious vigils, did man greet the dawn with more complacency. It was the Sabbath, when it was my wont to rest from journeyings, and the day was excessively hot; but I had no heart to remain; and even if I had had, the dreadful searing I got from the melancholy spectacle of a Cretin, who followed me round with his clamorous impertunity and threatening gesticulations, thrusting his hideous, disproportioned head in my face, would have settled the question. I sallied forth on foot for Reichenau, a walk of two and one-half hours. At every village, and all along the way, were parties of young folks, of both sexes, in holyday attire, enjoying themselves

in Sunday sports and pastimes. Here was a shooting-match; there a party pitching quoits; there a cluster of girls and boys singing in concert; yonder a couple enjoying the sweet relationship of love or friendship.

A pleasing little incident occurred as I drew near Ems. I remarked, at some distance in advance, seven females walking towards me, all decked out in their Sunday finery, with ribbons and streamers in profusion flying about; their ages varying from twelve up to, say, eighteen or twenty. They came slowly sauntering, side by side, laughing and chatting away, when all at once, as they drew near me, I saw them join hands, and extend their line entirely across the road, so as effectually to cut off my advance, unless I took to the gutter, or slid under their arms, neither of which alternatives I had a mind to resort to. Now here, sure enough, thought I, is a new dilemma for Mr. Grunter; dilemmas with men are manageable; but with very young girls, how embarrassing! Thus we stood then, face to seven faces, like—[do you know any comparison that will suit here, Paul?] well as rosy, healthful, and mischievous as eye ever dwelt on. What would you have done? Asked them to let you through? forced their hands apart? taken your seat by the wayside, to wait in patience till they let you pass? Not a word was spoken; but Grunter never before felt himself under such a battery of eyes. Was it not a fair challenge? and was he not justified by all the laws of love in inspecting with rapid eye the line of bright gushing faces, and fixing upon an especially sweet-looking little pair of pouters, paying thereon, with unexpected precision and promptitude, whatever toll he chose for his passage? My dear fellow, the gate opened

as if the great magician himself had been going to walk through. As I passed along, waving my hand to them, shout upon shout arose at the expense of the favourite who had received the toll. I heard it all the way to Ems. If thoughts of the Landesmutter had not been present, I do not know but I should have sojourned in that pleasant village for a few days. As it was, I kept on my way, and crossed the Rhine into Richenau.

This small hamlet occupies a commanding position at the junction of the Vorder and Hinter Rhine. I put up at the old chateau, formerly the residence of the famous Planter family, now converted into an hotel; and a very pleasant place it is, with its garden and winding walks, shaded with trees and vines, running down to the water's edge, and overlooking the confluence of the rivers. My room commanded a cheerful, but not very extended view up the two valleys and back to the encircling mountains. Often would I sit and watch the "meeting of the waters," the clear, shining current from the glaciers of the Crispalt and Lukmanier, with the dingy, bluish tide from the *débris* of the Bernardin and Adula.

"Was it alone you sat and watched the mingling?" I hear you ask. "Not like Simon, to sit *en solitaire*, and watch the mingling of water either with itself, or with something better?" Paul, you are forever asking embarrassing questions. Why not alone? I had but just parted from Lucie; I had but just bade adieu to the Landesmutter; for her sake I had just resisted the temptation of stopping at Ems; and now you ask me if I sat alone; and who should I be sitting with in that lonely place? I have a mind not to answer the question; but as we cannot

force fate, or constrain circumstances, if you insist upon it, I confess there *was* a lady in the case, who used to help me watch the meeting of the waters; a young lady as charming and intelligent as she was lovely of person and good. But how, I would ask, could I be expected to know there was such a person in Richenau? I should have gone on, according to intention, immediately—the next day—only for my feet, which became suddenly worse, and obliged me to lie by for a while. And then, on further and more intimate acquaintance, I found I was in a surprisingly interesting locality. In this very vicinity it was, I found, (these parts of the Rhætian Alps,) that those Tuscans made their homes, who were driven from their old ones in Etruria; as is substantiated by tradition, and the identity of names, of places and objects; these were the people who introduced, with themselves, the "*Lingua Romana*," or Ladin, (a corruption of the Latin,) which still maintains its ground against the German and Italian, through all the Grisons, as a written and spoken language. Then, it was very interesting to know I was sleeping in the same apartment once occupied by the royal schoolmaster, the Duke of Chartres—afterwards Louis Philippe—when in exile, under the name of Chabot. Here, too, originated (a fact so interesting in history) the great Rhætian Confederacy of the Three Leagues, which exercised such an influence in the independence of Switzerland, when the oppressed peasantry threw off the yoke and authority of the rascal robbers, their tyrant masters and oppressors, and demolished their strongholds; the ruins of which, to be met with in every valley and on every hand, attest both the nature and extent of their subjection,

as well as the thorough nature of their vengeance. All these matters required investigation, and left me no choice but to tarry for a few days. And if tired with these dry and profound investigations, I turned, for recreation and amusement, to lighter and pleasanter themes, to more simple occupations. Where the harm, I would inquire, of looking at the junction of two rivers from a garden-seat covered with creepers, in company with an intelligent young lady? or of walking with the same through the pleasant winding paths of this garden, or up the cart-track by Tamins, to get a view of the Castle of Rheetzuns, guarding the entrance to the valley of Domleschg, and frowning over the Rhine? or of listening by the hour to her stories of the League, and the fall of the tyrants; or perhaps taking a morning and evening lesson in Romansch, and learning to say my "*Pap nos, quel chi,*" &c.? None, you will say; none in the least, Simon. Now, she had two rows of the evenest, whitest teeth, and lips that parted in a smile, if you only looked at them; which was very convenient, for one needed not to be rummaging his fancy for pleasant-ries to make her merry. Her eyes were lively, and black as her raven hair, revealing the Italian in her blood, of which nation her mother was. She conversed in German, Italian, French and Romansch; and read Latin fluently. In a word, Paul, I found Margaretha Christiana Schwalbenschwanz (such was her name, though I called her Gretschen,) a most bewitching little miracle; a most profound little puzzle.

It came into my mind on an occasion to draw a comparison between the Landesmutter and the Schwalbenschwanz; but I soon experienced the truth of the proverb,

and desisted. This I may say, the former was the gentlest, most confiding, and feminine; the latter most *naïve* and *spirituelle*. Both were perfect in their way. Both being dear little birds were well calculated to build their little nests, without leave, in the heart's uppermost rafters; and few would feel like molesting them for doing so. I did not, I am sure; and if I did carry away their nests, where they had hoped to have chirped and twittered away their lives in blissful peace, it was only because—well, well; my heart was in its place, but its rafters were sadly damaged; and, nestling by its side, a little image of another. And must I break to pieces this frail thing to repair its breaches? Alas, the necessity! Alas, poor woman! Oh, Gretschen!

Sad, sorry, and forlorn did I feel when she told me one day she was going to see a friend, who lived up the valley, near the castle of Ortenstein, and could not return until next day. I begged to accompany her, which she said I might do, "part of the way." I gladly accepted of the curtailed favour; and as we came in sight of the famous gallows, looming up black and dismal by the wayside, I related to her the story of the boy who "*auszog das Fürchten zu lernen,*" over which she laughed heartily, and soon after she dismissed me with much kindness and many hopes of meeting again on the morrow.

I took advantage of her absence to run up as far as the village of Frons, on the Vorder Rhine, to visit the scene of the meeting between the nobles and peasants under the venerable sycamore, more than seven centuries old. Out of which meeting grew the celebrated "Gray League," one of the famous three, securing liberty to this portion of Switzerland.

But my further stay at Reichenau was destined to be cut prematurely short, and from an unlooked-for quarter. When I returned, and before retiring to my room, I naturally strolled towards and in the garden, where I had enjoyed so many pleasant moments. Well, Mr. P., what do you suppose I saw there, besides trees and flowers? What do you suppose I saw embracing, in my favourite seat, beside vines? Why, sir, my Gretchen herself, as I live, sustaining those kissing and embracing relations, of so perplexing and provoking a nature, with an athletic young Swiss of threatening aspect, and filled, I suppose, with all the blood and fury of the League. Here was an *entente* of the most cordial kind. Here was a matter for deci-

sive measures. I retired to the house, and to bed; and, in the night, with my head upon my pillow, was seized with an irresistible desire to pursue my journeyings. I arose betimes in the morning, partook of a light breakfast, settled my reckoning, and, before the sun east his beams over the Roth-horn, was well advanced on my way, with my back to Reichenau and the faithless Schwalbenschwanz.

I have no spirit left to talk of the Via Mala; this only will I remark, never again will I accompany a lady "part of the way." My motto shall be, all the way to Ortenstein, or none. Let us mix, my Paul, and drink, confusion to that Switzer.

I am yours, very truly,

S. G.

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NO. XXI.

MAGNOLIA CABIN, Dec., 185.—  
*My Good Simon,*—

If earthly sympathy can be of any avail to you in assuaging the sorrow called up by your reminiscence over the Schwalbenschwanz, allow me to tender it to you. Take all you need. By the way, has Mrs. Grunter seen those letters about the maid of Wesen and Mrs. Swallow-tail? and if yea, has your coffee been as good, and your muffin quite as much to your taste as formerly? I have sometimes been led to suspect, that there was somehow a connexion between the beatitude of last evening and the breakfast of this morning; and a friend, to whom I have mentioned the subject, agrees with me that they are correlative functions, and he has gone so far as to digest these practical rules founded on his observa-

tions: Happiness at eventide high, coffee aromatic, muffins delicious. Slight family jars, coffee weakish, muffins fairish. Heavier shocks in the domestic firmament, accompanied by thunder and lightning, coffee insipid, muffins detestable. See whether your experience justifies these somewhat Micawberish deductions. If such results obtain, how are they to be explained? How are the subtle humours conveyed from the mistress to the maid, and thence to the muffin-ring? Is there an invisible lightning-rod which towers up about our heads, and terminates in the cooking-stove? And do the clouds that wrap (rap?) our domestic heads, discharge their lightning into the tea-kettle? Are these of those mysteries which are too subtle to be solved by our limited fa-

culties; or is it, after all, a vast delusion founded on mistaken or, at least, insufficient data? I am free to acknowledge, that your confession that you "are too much out of spirits to talk," is a suspicious circumstance, and did I not know Mrs. Grunter so well, I might draw sinister conclusions. After a storm, there is usually a tendency to quiet and repose, the natural consequence of undue excitement. Had there been a derangement of that domestic harmony, which I have so often admired and sometimes lauded, you would, I know, have been "low-spirited;" but it does not follow that because you do feel so, such was the cause. With the knowledge I have, not only of Mrs. G., but of yourself, I scout the suggestion.

Your lamentation over "bruised feet" by the Ziegel Brücke was not the only instance in which there was question of that wisdom which had first prompted our wanderings, or disposition to revise the resolutions which had sustained us in prosecuting them. The ways of the traveller are not always paths of pleasantness. I know you have not forgotten how, before we had quite lost sight of the fading outline of our "native land," one of us (I will not specify which, for reasons you will doubtless appreciate,) reverted with longing eyes to that solid earth which had so lately afforded him a firm footing, but which was now floating hopelessly away, and dwindling to a black speck on the broad disk of the setting sun. Oh, for one yard of unflinching rock to stand steady on; one little tree, were it no bigger than a gooseberry bush, to hold on by! *Maladie du mër!* What is it but the severing of those ties

which have subsisted between us and the green earth; the disruption of delicate and voiceless, but sensitive ligatures passing from our inner selves to the nutriment we derive from our common mother. Does not a tree sicken and drop its leaves, and even die, when it is transferred ever so carefully from the soil it loves? How then can man, of a higher and more delicate organization, hope to escape from similar treatment, with impunity? The filaments which have bound us to our earth-born friends—potatoes, cabbages, beans, lettuces, &c., and their finer companions, cauliflowers, strawberries, asparagus, &c., rudely ruptured in a moment, return to the depths of that womb, our stomachs, whence they came, and curling themselves up there complain to us of love so suddenly snapped, and of friendships so haplessly terminated. Is it not the plaints of these unhappy little tendrils, and their longings after their other (perhaps better) halves, which constitute sea-sickness? Such is my theory. Restore the relations which subsisted—the *status ante quo bellum*—and harmony and joy at once ensue. But I am to speak of the annoyances of travelling; the occurrences which cause one to look back with regret at the home-circle he has left for these aimless wanderings, and to look forward with something akin to joy at their prospective termination.

The *maladie du mër* is but the disagreeable threshold which all must cross in the gratification of their curiosity; the introduction to a multitude of annoyances—petty and consequential, great and small. Arrived on the shore of Old England, if that be your

route, elate with joy at your release from that "cradle of the deep," in which you have been mercilessly rocked, you are at once the victim of all sorts of impositions, from custom-house officials to extortionate landlords, and snobs generally. Such is the pure air of these islands, that if a negro slave touches them, his fetters, by the miraculous operation of the common law, at once drop from him. "A slave cannot breathe our air," says the bold Briton, with elevated head and defiant crest. But let a white freeman but disembark in any one of his ports, and by universal practice, if not by common law, he is set upon on all sides. Leeches are not more tenacious, nor vampires more merciless. The fleecing is both thorough and systematic. Art, literature and science, are alike under the ban of an English custom-house. Have you books? they are probably entirely confiscated. Have you a flute, or a fiddle, for your personal use? a heavy duty consecrates the little companion of your leisure hours to your future regard and consideration; for what one has paid tax on at a custom-house becomes doubly dear. Have you a revolver for your protection, and because you are an American? your purse bleeds freely under the British lancet, before you can possess the privilege of practising phlebotomy on an English highwayman. In short, if England expects each and every one of her sons to *do* his duty, she demands that every foreigner who visits her dominions shall *pay* her duties. It is inconvenient, annoying, perplexing; but it is one of the discomforts of travelling.

Pay your money, shrug your shoulders, swear a little for the bile's sake, and pass on.

Yes, the way of the traveller is not always, nor indeed generally, *parsemée des fleurs*. If he plucks here and there a rose, he not unfrequently pays his drop of blood for it. Pains, and penalties, and "bruised feet," wait on him. To labour is no less the lot of the traveller than that of others in the pursuit of information. But if he labours in earnest, he has his reward, not only in current gratification, but in after-years of satisfactory retrospection. Travel is an education all the more needed that the want of it is not always felt; and in spite of adverse opinions, I maintain that it is better to travel whilst young, when impressions are vivid and durable, than to wait until graver years shall have sobered the fancy and corrected the judgment. To delay, that years may mature the understanding, and thus furnish a safe guide to new scenes, is often to substitute prejudice for inexperience; and it is easier to inform the inexperience of youth than to modify the prejudices of age. It is not so much the multitude of things seen as the deductions that we make from them that are valuable. It is the broad mantle of charity that travel should weave for us, that is its richest gift. He who has visited other climes and people, than the one where he was born, will more fully understand how it is, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Long after most of the incidents of our travel shall have faded from our memories, will be left the impression of the various acts of goodness, cheerfulness,



and hospitality we have seen everywhere. But this is a digression from my text.

How the recollection of the pleasant days passed at the Hague are modified by the remembrance of those pervading stench from its lifeless canals. What a pleasant house was *T'huis in de Bosch*, where Dutch fashion most did congregate of a sun-shiny afternoon! What smells, what breeches, what a language! You saw the "Drachenfels," from under an umbrella, with an accompaniment of clattering knives, forks and crockery from the steamer's decks. Poetry and pottery! At Coblenz, the sourest of Moselle wine caused you to take to Cognac; and at Mayence, the cigars were so mephitic, that you smoked a pipe and bought a tobacco-pouch stored with all sorts of implements of fire. These are, however, trifling annoyances, and I introduce them only as a running commentary on my text.

A more tangible annoyance was the riding in those German diligences, with half a dozen smoking, cabbage-eating natives not especially neat in their persons. Happily that mode of transit is now nearly obsolete. Once in a while, the company was pleasant enough, being enlivened and perhaps refined by a pretty damsel or two. As for example, between Frankfort and Berlin. Don't blush, Grunter, I'll pass that little matter over lightly. But what was your head doing inside of that window of the house where the damsel stopped while the horses were changing? Fearful that you might be left, I went in search of you, and found your

legs pendent outside of the window-sill. I could see nothing, save the legs; but, Simon, there was a peculiar motion about the heels attached to those legs which I never observed there, except when there was something good very near your lips.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize to you for the topics I have touched on, in this which must necessarily, for a time, close our correspondence. I might have selected a pleasanter theme than the traveller's annoyances. It was your "bloody Brummagems" that set me on the scent. (Do you think Lucie hoards them as a memento?) And now, Simon, what shall I say to you, by way of valedictory. I am loath to say that word "which makes us linger;" and I cannot help thinking, that a shadow has fallen on my sheet as I pen the closing lines of a correspondence which has so often cheered my loneliness. The air of this bright December day does not seem as bouyant as it did when I sat down to the pleasant task of writing to you. Let me, at least, delude myself with the hope, that some future day will again permit us thus to renew our impressions of days interwoven with the palmiest period of our lives. As we grow older, we look back oftener and more fondly. If youth gilds the future with the hues of the rainbow, the meridian sun of manhood throws on the objects it leaves behind it a radiance no less splendid.

Happy gift of memory! What wealth may be garnered in its store-houses in an ordinary lifetime, when intelligence, virtue and industry have united to replenish them; and what poverty

will resound through its empty vaults where folly and vice have led the revels of the past. There is no more agreeable companion than an intellectual and kind old man; as there is no spectacle more painful than neglected age tottering to the grave, pitied for its infirmities and despised for its ignorance.

My dear Grunter, I am only too sensible that this letter, which I intended should be witty, sen-

sible, fluent and philosophical, is a sad failure. It has been thus ever since the days when mountains were big and mice the reverse. If, therefore, you have anything in the way of *post-obit* send it on. I shall have time to receive it, and attach it as a respectable caudal appendage to this series. And so, my old comrade, for a season, *vale*.

As ever, yours,

PAUL POTTER.

#### SONG.

##### I.

Oh! never till Death shall smite  
Our hearts with a final blight,  
Should Hope forsake us,—  
For the seeds of a bountiful Promise sleep  
In the snows of Sorrow, cold and deep,  
And the Spring may yet o'ertake us.

##### II.

Then, the seeds will burst  
From the spells accurst,  
Of the wintry sorrow;  
And the pallid Promise that lay so stark  
In the sable folds of the shrouding Dark,  
Will start to bloom  
From its conquered tomb,  
And sing in a glad to-morrow!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

This number completes the sixth volume of our Magazine, and it is with great reluctance that we yield to the necessity which constrains us to discontinue its publication; but finding that the duties which its management imposed could only be met by the devotion of our entire time and labour, and having other and superior interests which require our attention, we are compelled to decide between the conflicting claims; and, in closing our career as journalists, indulge the hope, that our ministrations have been acceptable to our readers, and that the pledges we gave at its commencement have been, to some extent, fulfilled.

Our grateful acknowledgments are due for the support which we have received, both from contributors and subscribers, but particularly to those who have so ably and so unweariedly laboured to build up the literary reputation of the journal, and on whose contributions its fair fame can securely rest.

We are aware that our last two numbers have been deficient in variety, but the necessity of completing our serial articles made it necessary to allow them more space than we would otherwise have done.

*The Rivals: A Tale of the Times of*  
AARON BURR and ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Hon. Jere. Clemens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1860.

Our readers will probably remember that one of the ablest and most interesting essays which has appeared in our columns, was devoted to a review of the career of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. The ability displayed in the article, and the complete and unanswerable argument by which the character of Burr was defended, and, for the first time, placed in its true light, necessarily provoked the opposition of all who, either from their political proclivities, or their faith in a stereotyped popular sentiment, were indignant that

any one could be found whose courage and intellect were alike equal to the sturdy and successful defence of a misunderstood, misrepresented and wrongfully-used man.

We have taken occasion, in our own columns and elsewhere, to sustain the positions assumed in that article; not, however, because the reviewers of the essay exhibited any peculiarly intimate acquaintance with the subject; or, in challenging its conclusions, displayed any historical research beyond the most common-place sources of information. Yet it cannot be denied, that, for long years, Burr was doomed to suffer all the pains and social penalties which are attached to one whose private character and public career were deemed to be immoral and treasonable.

Since the publication of the article to which we have referred, we have not seen any review of the subject which enters so fully into a defence of the ill-used Burr as the recent work of the Hon Jere. Clemens, the title of which is prefixed to this article.

Simply regarded as a novel and work of art, it has, perhaps, but slight claims to popular favour. The story is a mere thread, by which the prominent events in the life of its hero are connected. But assuming (what no one has a right to question) the honest purpose of the author—to furnish the results of a laborious examination of all the testimony, both written and printed, in such a form as would attract the attention of the general reader—we must regard his effort as very successful. We may make every allowance for the personal bias which has led him to paint the character of Hamilton in darker hues than even we are willing to believe are entirely correct, without diminishing our firm conviction that his general appreciation of the character and career of Burr is strictly true. In his preface, he says: "The work of Matthew L. Davis is a libel upon the man he professed to honour, and whom he called his friend in life." I went beyond these, and collected many old pamphlets and

documents relating to Burr and Hamilton, and endeavoured to extract from them enough of truth to enable me to form a just estimate of the characters of both. That estimate once made, the book was made to correspond with it. The main historical facts alone being preserved, while all the rest is the offspring of the imagination."

"The history of the war proves conclusively that there was no better soldier, or more devoted patriot, in the long list of revolutionary heroes, than Aaron Burr; and all contemporary testimony agrees that no man ever lived of a more genial, hospitable, and kindly nature. Yet this man, unsurpassed as a soldier, unrivalled as a lawyer, pure, upright, and untarnished as a statesman, became, from the force of circumstances, the object of the bitterest calumnies that malice could invent or the blindest prejudice could believe. Persecution dogged him to his grave; and, although the life of a generation has passed away since then, justice still hesitates to approach the spot where the bones of the patriot-soldier repose. Under the garb of fiction, I have endeavoured to contribute my mite toward relieving his memory from the unjust aspersions which embittered his life. If I accomplish nothing more than to induce a portion of the rising generation to search the records of that life, I shall be amply repaid for the labour it has cost."

Having intimated our unwillingness to accept the author's portraiture of Hamilton as entirely just, it is only fair that we should allow him to state, in his own words, the impressions which he derived from a study of the character of one of the most largely endowed and influential statesmen of his time.

"Of Alexander Hamilton, I have written nothing of which I do not believe he was capable, after the fullest examination of his own writings and those of others. That I have entertained strong prejudices against him from boyhood, is true; that those prejudices may have influenced my judgment, is possible; but I tried to discard them, and look at his character in the light of reason alone. The more I studied it, the more I became convinced that the world never presented such a combination of greatness and of meanness, of daring courage and of vile malignity, of high aspirings and of low hypocrisy. Shrewd, artful and unscrupulous, there were no means he would not employ to accomplish his ends—no tool too base to be used when its services were needful. Loose in his own morals, even to licentiousness, he criticised those of Thomas Jefferson

with a severity no other antagonist ever equalled. Slander was his favourite weapon, and no one stood in his way who did not feel the venom of his tongue and pen."

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*Rules for the Accentuation of names in Natural History, with Examples, Zoological and Botanical.* By Lewis R. Gibbes, M. D., Professor Mathematics, President of Elliott Society Natural History, Charleston, S. C.; Corresponding Member of the New York Lyceum and Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia.—Published by the Elliott Society of Natural History.—Charleston, S. C.: Russell & Jones. 1860.

The need of such a work by a competent hand has been long felt, and we are sure that the announcement of its completion by an author whose ability and peculiar fitness for the task is so well known, will be hailed with greatest pleasure. It is now ready for distribution to the members of the Elliott Society, and for sale by the publishers.

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*"The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head-Master of Rugby, &c., &c.* By Thos. P. Stanley, M.A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford."

This work, the material for which has been drawn from sources both various and trustworthy, is arranged by Mr. Stanley with admirable tact; the life of its distinguished subject being divided into prominent periods, each illustrated by that portion of Arnold's correspondence which has special reference to the studies or the events of the time. A part of the first chapter is furnished by Mr. Justice Coleridge, and refers to Arnold's career as an undergraduate at Oxford. It presents a lively picture of his character and peculiarities as a young man, showing how intense his interest was in literature, ancient and modern, no less than in the stirring matters of that most important crisis of English history which embraced the period from 1810 to 1815.

"We fought over," says Justice Coleridge, Arnold's fellow-collegian, "the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns with the energy of disputants personally concerned in them." There were strifes of another kind, purely literary and intellectual, in which Arnold played a conspicuous part. Some of his opinions startled his associates a good deal; they were Tories in Church and State, and their conservative views were not a little outraged at times by their friend's disposition to question the

wisdom and immaculate nature of institutions they had always esteemed unsailable.

Many and long were the conflicts Arnold had with unequal numbers. "I have seen," Mr. Coleridge tells us, "all the leaders of the common-room engaged with him at once, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of their arguments." The excitement of these dialectic trials of the strength and learning of both parties resulted occasionally in angry collisions, which never seemed, however, to have led to any bitterness of feeling when the strife was fairly over.

Seldom has the rich promise of a noble youth been so amply fulfilled in maturer years as in the case of Arnold. If Mr. Coleridge's description of his collegiate course is interesting and valuable, still more interesting is Mr. Stanley's record of the intercourse *he* was privileged to enjoy with him in the vigour of the Doctor's manhood—an intercourse which began when Stanley was a pupil at Rugby, (from 1829 to 1834,) and thenceforward, on more familiar terms, to the end of his great instructor's life.

As a tutor, both private and public, Arnold's power consisted in "the intense earnestness which he gave to existence." "Every pupil was made to feel, that *there was a work for him to do*, and that his happiness, as well as his duty, lay in doing that work well." It is known that the old, somewhat brutal system of English public schools was so modified by the Master of Rugby, that the boys under his care were far more effectually stimulated to exertion by the self-respecting consciousness he awakened in their souls of "duties assigned to *them personally* by God," than through the constant application of that often useless and generally degrading argument of the birch. Not that flogging was altogether abolished; Dr. Arnold was too wise for that. There were, he knew, *some* individuals whose natures could be benefited only by the stinging logic of a sound chastisement, and in *such* cases he assuredly did "not spare the rod." Nevertheless, the cardinal principle of his mode of instruction lay in an appeal to the *morale and the heart*; he strove to impart to all who came in contact with him his own lofty conceptions of the dignity of man as a responsible but independent being, a free agent, gifted with the powers of choosing spiritual light or darkness, the glory of honest, God-fearing labour, or the finamy (for truly *infamy* he deemed it) of a wicked inertness, which buries entrusted "talents" in the soil, drowning through

the heavy years, alike a shame to humanity and a burden to the earth.

But it is not only of the position of affairs at Rugby, and the success of Dr. Arnold, in the capacity of chief of that famous Seminary, that Mr. Stanley's work affords us full and satisfactory information. It goes into the minutest details of his experience as a preacher and an author. In accomplishing this, the original Narrative, by the editor, has properly been made subservient to the introduction of Arnold's elaborate correspondence, wherein his opinions, and plans "are clearly given in his own words."

His letters, besides recording the main events of his career—from early manhood almost to the day of his death—and, (when addressed to his intimates,) opening, with frank unreserve, his whole heart to view—are remarkable, also, as showing the vast range of his acquaintance, which included many of the greatest and wisest men in Great Britain and on the Continent.

In addition to his life-long correspondence with Mr. Justice Coleridge, we find him writing frequently to such able, philosophic thinkers as Chevalier Bunsen, and others of equally high intellectual *calibre*, upon the gravest questions of politics and theology. Nor was he, in his letters, or his studies, unmindful of the claims of literature, past and present. His excellent edition of Thucydides is, we believe, regarded as the best work of the kind prepared by any Englishman, whilst his Lectures on History, for vigour and originality of view—clearness of style and accuracy of learning—possess few equals (in that special department of thought and investigation) in our literature.

Had Dr. Arnold's life been spared but a few years beyond the period of his premature and sudden decease, it is probable that he would have given to the world a work far more important than any which now bears his name. He had long been evolving the plan of this production, in reference to "The State and the Church," which, had it been completed, would, undoubtedly, have formed a glorious monument to his genius, integrity and knowledge.

But it was not destined so to be. On the morning of the 12th June, 1842, one day previous to his *forty-seventh* birthday, Arnold "awoke with a sharp pain across his chest," which soon increased to torturing agony. A physician was summoned, but he could do no good. In about two hours, the sufferer expired of the same disease which had carried off his father, viz., an organic disease of the heart. No warning had been vouchsafed him; but the earnest

scholar and Christian gentleman, having "fought a good fight and kept the faith," was ready to meet his God.

We commend Mr. Stanley's record, of one among the noblest lives of modern times, to those of our readers who revere virtue, exemplified in disinterested action, and solid talents, devoted with an independent spirit, to the elevation of the social—moral, and the inculcation of all that is "pure," and righteous, and of "good report."

Some months ago, we noted the passage through the press of a volume of poems, by our constant and gifted poetical correspondent, Mr. Henry Timrod.

We ventured to predict, at the time, that his work would be signally successful. It affords us real pleasure to be able to say that we were right. Not only has Mr. Timrod's book succeeded in a pecuniary sense, but its reception by the critics, both North and South, has been such as to stimulate the author to new and still nobler labours.

The public have accorded to him the possession of a fine imagination, a subtle comprehension of the secrets of metrical harmony and a highly-cultivated artistic power. His longest poem, "The Vision of Poesy," upon the general scope and merits of which we have before commented, seems to have enforced the admiration of all the reviewers.

"The New York Tribune"—a journal not to be suspected of partiality to Southern productions—says, "that it presents a lofty idea of the art and mission of the poet, expressed in language of remarkable terseness and condensation;" whilst of the minor pieces in Mr. Timrod's volume, the same critic declares, that "they have been treated with a lively and delicate fancy, and a graceful beauty of expression."

"The Tribune" is by no means singular in its opinion.

Wherever the poems have been noticed at all, they have been noticed with praise. And this praise, it has pleased us to remark, is spontaneous and earnest. It partakes, in no respect, of the nature of those disheartening *puffs*, evidently made to order, which can never raise an inferior work to respectability—but which unluckily *do* possess the power of prejudicing even the candid mind against the books so "be-plastered."

Having previously referred, as fully as space allowed us, to "The Vision of Poesy," we desire now to speak of Mr. Timrod's miscellaneous performances. It must be manifest to

every scholarly reader, that his pieces in *blank-verse* are his best. He has studied this mode of versification with great care and patience; and few, we think—very few young poets—have succeeded so well in mastering its difficulties.

A Tyro naturally deems it easy to compose unrhymed heroics, and so indeed it is, so long as the mere correctness of metre—the conventional number of feet in a line—be looked upon as the "one thing needful."

But the truth is, there are not many, even among the great poets, who have mastered the intricacies of this noble, and essentially English, measure. Milton was a consummate master of it; and so, in a different sense and style, is Alfred Teanyson. Keats, in that glorious poetical Torso, "Hyperion," equals Milton in some of his strongest passages; and there are two of the younger brotherhood of modern singers, Matthew Arnold in England, and Richard Henry Stoddard of New York, who have devoted particular attention to the laws of blank verse, and have produced several admirable specimens of the harmony and power of which it is capable. The latter part of Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," and a Greek tale by Stoddard, entitled, "The Fisher and Charon," will warrant our high estimate of their authors' ability in the department of verse we are discussing.

Some of Mr. Timrod's poems, of the same kind, will bear comparison with these examples of exquisite rhythmical art.

Of the merits of his "Arctic Voyager," we have often spoken; but there are other pieces in his work not unequal to it. Such is "The Summer Bower," full of passages of sweet, natural description. The versification to an unpractised reader, would appear somewhat bald; yet nothing really can be finer than its terse vigour, conjoined to a flowing and graceful melody.

"The Dramatic Fragment," beginning,

"Let the boy have his will," &c.,

although illustrating a wholly different description of *blank-verse*, is, perhaps, even more striking.

Next to these poems, and the arch and tender lyrics, many (indeed the majority of which), first reached the public ear through our own columns, we are most pleased with Mr. Timrod's *Sonnets*. They are fourteen in number, and are *all* of them exceedingly meritorious; rare and lustrous little gems of thought, sentiment and music.

One or two of them are truly philo-



sophical, showing that concentrated wisdom, which the poet, in his serious moods, is, above all others, capable of enforcing. For instance,

SONNET.

"Most men know love but as a part of  
life;  
They hide it in some corner of the  
breast,  
Ev'n from themselves; and only when  
they rest  
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,  
Wherewith the world might else be not  
so rife,  
They draw it forth, (as one draws forth  
a toy  
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting  
boy.)  
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife;—  
*Ah! me, why may not love and life be  
one?*  
*Why walk we thus alone, when by our  
side,  
Love, like a visible God, might be our  
guide?*  
*How would the marts grow noble, and  
the street,  
Worn now like dungeon floors by weary  
feet,  
Seem like a golden Courtway of the  
Sun!"*

The lines we have italicised brim over with the rich wine of feeling and thoughtful sensibility, and the entire SONNET appears to us *perfect*.

Before parting with Mr. Timrod, to whom we cannot, at present, do anything like justice, we have one word to say, not so much of censure as of respectful warning.

Like every young poet that ever wrote, he has before him certain great models of excellence in his art, and one of these, we cannot but observe, he has, occasionally, followed rather too closely.

If the lines (undoubtedly beautiful in themselves,) called "*Hark! to the Shouting Wind*," be compared with Tennyson's,

"Break! break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, oh! sea," &c.;

the similarity not merely of the sentiment, but of the very turn of the rhythm and phraseology becomes too apparent.

And this is not the solitary example of the same unconscious imitation. The author we are sure will not misunderstand us, nor will the reader. We desire simply to convey to the former a kindly and delicate hint, that one so amply endowed, as all acknowledge him to be, with *original* gifts—of fancy,

imagination, passion—and, moreover, so true and highly-educated an artist, should, for his own sake, avoid hereafter the most distant approach towards the re-production of the thought, or language of others. His is the power, and he will, doubtless, use it, of ascending the Parnassian mountain with a firm, free step, and an utter independence of aught but the unfailing resources of his own fruitful brain and loving heart.

*The Puritan Commonwealth; an Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, in its Civil and Ecclesiastical relations; from its rise to the abrogation of the first Charter, together with some general reflections on the English Colonial Policy, and on the Character of Puritanism, by the late Peter Oliver.—Boston: Little, Brown & Co.*

This is a very remarkable book, considering the quarter from which it emanates. The Pilgrim Fathers have seldom been treated so irreverently by a New Englander. It seems, (from the cursory glance which is all that we have had time to give it,) to be a protest by a Catholic against the generally received opinions of historians and others, as to the motives and influence of the early Puritan Church in this country. We have not time for a careful examination of the work, but make two extracts from the author's preface which will indicate his purpose:

"I have entered upon this subject *con amore*, and found fresh interest at every step. The subject grew formidable, at last, from its variety; but doubts had arisen whether the whole truth had ever been spoken, and I determined to satisfy myself whether they were well founded. The result is before the reader.

"I am aware that I have entered upon a field only partially explored. The labour was difficult, because it was obscure; for it has been the fashion to bury the errors of our forefathers beneath their many virtues, and to conceal the whole truth by expressing but a part. Every writer, from the earliest times, has done something to hide from our gaze those faults which would lead us to doubt the entire virtue of our ancestors; and so great have been the consequent mistakes, that the *ridiculous proposition has been maintained by both judges and historians, that the Puritans were lovers of religious freedom, and that civil liberty was a principle first understood upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay.*"

*New English Dictionary.*—The Philological Society of London have been for some time, engaged in the preparation of a Dictionary of the English Language. They have appointed the Honourable George P. Marsh their representative in this country, and he has issued a circular, from which we extract the following:

"It is generally known to literary men in the United States, that the Philological Society, of London, has been, for some time, engaged in the preparation of a complete lexicon, or thesaurus of the English language. The Society having determined to ask the aid of American scholars in this enterprise, the subscriber has been requested to act as Secretary in America, and adopts this method of bringing the subject to the notice of persons in this country who may be disposed to contribute to the accomplishment of the object, by reading English books and noting words, according to the rules hereto subjoined. Referring to the 'Proposal for the Publication of a New English Dictionary,' issued by the Society, for fuller details, it may suffice here to observe, that it is the desire of the editing committee to include in their vocabulary '*every word occurring in the literature of the language*,' and, as a general rule, to illustrate the meaning and use of each word by appropriate citations. To this end it is necessary that a very large number of books should be read, and passages containing words indicated in the rules excerpted. As works belonging to *early* English literature are more easily accessible in England than here, it has been deemed best to recommend to American contributors the study of a later period, and for that purpose *the entire body of English literature belonging to the eighteenth century* has been reserved for their perusal. The selection is left to the taste of the collaborators; and, in the proposal above referred to, the committee say: 'We admit as authorities all English books, except such as are devoted to purely scientific subjects, as treatises on electricity, mathematics, etc., and works written subsequent to the Reformation, for the purpose of illustrating provincial dialects.' It is proposed hereafter to issue a list of the words used by Burke, and to ask that all words *not* employed by him, or employed by other authors in different senses, be noted; but as the list is not yet ready, the committee say: 'Contributors who may prefer to work for the 18th or 19th century literature, will render us an invaluable service by a careful analysis of the works of any of the principal writers, extracting all remarkable words, and all passages which

contain definitions or explanations, or which, by reason of their intrinsic merit, are specially eligible as illustrative quotations. 'Although, with the exception of Burke's Works, the literature of the whole 18th century is reserved for American readers, their aid will be very willingly received for earlier or later periods; and gentlemen who may be disposed to undertake authors before the beginning or since the end of that century, not already provided for, will confer a favour by communicating their purpose to the subscriber. A list of American works to be read and excerpted, will soon be prepared and distributed. A list of works of an earlier date than 1700, which, at the latest intelligence from London, had not been undertaken, and the rules to be observed in making extracts, are given below. Communications on any matters pertaining to the subject of this circular, may be addressed to the subscriber, who will be happy at all times to give any further information in his power. It should be added, that, as the labours of the English contributors are wholly gratuitous, and no profits are expected to accrue to the Society from the work, no provision is made for compensating American contributors."

*From Mason Brothers, New York.*—We have received the first volume of a work, which—unless we greatly mistake—or unless the forthcoming volumes fall very far short in merit of the one before us—will make somewhat of a fortune both for author and publishers.

We refer to "The Life of Andrew Jackson," by Mr. James Parton, whose Biography of Burr (whatever opinion we may hold as to the view of Burr's character and political motives therein presented,) everybody acknowledges to be a singularly interesting and spirited narrative.

Few persons, in our estimation, are so well fitted as Mr. Parton, for the composition of popular and effective biographical works.

To a capacity for patient, laborious investigation, he unites a sprightly humour, a charming style, which never halts or fatigues, and no trifling powers of just and philosophical analysis.

The first installment of his present production, is one of the most entertaining and instructive books we have ever read.

It begins with an account (clear, trustworthy and succinct,) of Jackson's ancestry, which is remarkable, as showing how positively the peculiarities of

RACE are transmitted from generation to generation.

Jackson's progenitors were of Scotch-Irish extraction, and their illustrious representative in America, retained all the distinguishing traits of that union of blood and nature, which, however, seemingly dissimilar, resulted in a harmony of great and useful qualities, both of head and heart.

The birth of his hero, his adventures while a boy in Carolina, during the war of the Revolution; his early removal to Tennessee, and the manly struggles for position which immediately ensued; his rapid rise, first to notoriety and then to real distinction; his legal triumphs, his personal quarrels, and, finally, his brilliant prosecution of the war against the Indians on the frontier, and the Spaniards and British, backed by their savage allies in Florida and the South-west; such are the topics treated with the utmost fullness of knowledge, and impartiality of spirit in Mr. Parton's opening volume.

The details of the narrative are enlivened by a variety of well-authenticated, and often highly amusing anecdotes, told with much of the piquant humour of a lively French *raconteur*.

When to this, we add the merit of elaborate investigation, and a thorough mastery of every detail of the subject,—acquired, (as the author tells us,) by a personal examination of localities, and careful communications with Jackson's contemporaries, wherever they could be found,—we must surely perceive that nothing has been left undone, or unthought of, to render the Biography complete, or in the language of Jackson himself, "simple and faithful."

Mr. Parton's "PREFACE" is a model of good style, and admirable taste. His aim has been to relate "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth." Only thus, can any writer do justice to his subject, and win the respectful admiration and confidence of the public. We have been greatly struck by his very original illustration of this fact, in connection with the difficulty of rescuing the truth from the loads of partisan works, under which it lay almost stifled.

"Some years ago," he says, "a young English clergyman, fresh from Oxford, was appointed to a rural parish, in a county that, as yet, had only *heard* of Dr. Pusey.

"The parish church was a picture. A fine old structure of the middle ages, with ancient belfry, and niche for holy water, and venerable grave-yard. But the *interior* of the church was a disappointment. True, there were pillars, there was groining in the roof, and some dim remains of ancient carving. But

the whole was covered with what *seemed* the dust of centuries

"How to restore the edifice! The churchwardens recommended WHITWASH! With horror the fastidious pastor rejected the suggestion. But it led him to reflection, reflection to inspection, and inspection to experiment and discovery.

"The church had for centuries been subjected periodically to the sacrilege of whitewashing. The proper mode, therefore, of restoring it to its original character, was, to remove this odious accumulation.

"It was a labour of years. With his own hands the clergyman wrought.

"At length, on an Easter morn, he beheld the church once more clean, fresh and characteristic, as when six hundred years before, a Roman Catholic bishop had chanted its consecration.

"What marvels were revealed! Marble pillars, tombs elaborately wrought, oaken carvings, and finely-finished walls of yellow stone.

"But yet!"—(and here our readers cannot fail to detect the appositeness of the illustration, as applied to the truthful biography of a man, whose character was by no means immaculate)—"But yet, the church was not a perfect church. The whitewash which had imprisoned many beauties, had also concealed some flaws,—some serious, nay repulsive and shocking flaws.

"It was still an old, a very old church, which the modern eye had to learn to allow for, and to *like*; and some there were in the parish, after all, who preferred the glare and monotonous perfection of a thick and new coat of whitewash."

It only remains for us to say, that the typographical execution of Mr. Parton's work is, in every respect,—in the character of the paper, print, and binding, such as a production so important and valuable, deserves.

A "History of the Life and Times of James Madison, (vol. 1st.) by the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, of Virginia, comes to us from Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in all that beauty of print, paper, and binding, for which the issues of this publishing house have so long been famous. The work was undertaken, Mr. Rives assures us, from no ambition of authorship, but because, as he justly says, "it was felt that some account of the character, opinions, and actions of the man who contributed more largely, and effectively, though unobtrusively, to the formation of the Institutions under which we live than any of his contem-

poraries, and who was the elective head of the Government at a time of external difficulties, and trials, which gave the United States definitely a rank among nations, was a *desideratum* in the history of the country."

Thus far, Mr. Rives appears to have performed his exacting and important task with ability and success.

With a conscientiousness, by no means common among the majority of recent biographers, who aim at temporary effect, rather than at the elucidation of truth, Mr. Rives has relied ONLY upon original, and, in some cases, unpublished documents;—he has gone to the sources, the very fountain-heads of American history, disregarding, and when occasion offers, ruthlessly exposing those "apocryphal versions of it, which have become current by repetitions upon trust, from one careless writer to another."

His book may be fairly said to combine many of the most valuable, and characteristic features of History and Biography.

From the nature of Madison's career, Mr. Rives maintains, that it would have been impossible to isolate him from the public events of the days in which he lived; and that a copious development of contemporary transactions, was indispensable to display in its proper light, the part he bore in those transactions.

The consequence of a plan, at once so lucid and comprehensive, is, that our author has embodied in his work a full, correct, and admirable narrative of the proceedings of the Congress of the Confederation, during the four years Mr. Madison was an active member of that body, (from 1780 to the final treaty of peace,)—embracing the momentous period of the Revolutionary conflict, and deeply interesting passages in our political, and revolutionary annals, which hitherto have received but little illustration.

If Mr. Rives' production possessed no other merit than *this*, it would be a text-book of value to the political and philosophical student.

"In reviewing," he observes, "the great scenes of our early national struggles, we have not felt at liberty to suppress anything, which the truth of History required to be disclosed. And on the other hand, we have not been unmindful of the obligations of candour due to the illustrious actors of the time.

"We have endeavoured to give way to no impressions but such as the facts transmitted to us, would of themselves, naturally produce upon every unbiassed mind, keeping always before our eyes the great moral law of History—*Ne,*

*quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri not audeat*."

We have merely to remark, in conclusion, that the style of Mr. Rives in this historico-biographical work is generally clear, and forceable.

If we may venture upon any objection, it is, that now and then his sentences are somewhat too elaborate and ambitious. They are drawn out to the length, and assume the swell and proportions, better adapted, perhaps, to the public address, than to the calm pages of the Biography.

The object of the superbly printed and illustrated work, which we are next to notice—(viz: "*The White Hills of New Hampshire,—their Legends, Landscape & Poetry*, by the Rev. Thos. Starr King,) is, as the author expresses it, "to direct attention to the noble landscapes that lie along the routes by which the White Mountains are now approached by travellers, many of which are still unknown to tourists; to help persons to appreciate landscape more adequately, and to associate with the principal scenes, poetic passages, which illustrate, either the permanent character of the views, or some peculiar aspects in which the author of the book has seen them."

This pleasing purpose has been accomplished in a manner calculated to charm every reader of taste and feeling. Mr. King, a distinguished clergyman of Boston, is evidently an admirable *belles lettres* scholar, and moreover, a man with the eye of an artist, and the sentiment and imagination of a poet.

He describes the beautiful region to the illustration of which his work is devoted, with so much graphic force and skill, that the varied scenes through which he conducts us, are brought vividly before the mind, glowing with the very hues and graces of Nature herself. Many of the best portions of the poetical literature of England, and America, are introduced, not simply as "additions and ornaments" to the prose narrative, but as completions of the descriptions attempted, or as embodying "the predominant sentiment of the landscape."

Not only as a guide-book, therefore, for mountain-tourists, but as a collection of exquisite, original word-paintings, executed by a man of genius, of rare Catholic discrimination, and love of nature, "*THE WHITE HILLS*" can hardly be too highly commended.

The book is published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, and is one of the very best specimens of book-making which has issued from the American press.

"*The Christian Examiner*," a bi-monthly religious periodical; edited, at present, by the Rev. F. H. Hedge, and the Rev. E. E. Hale, (and issued by Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, Boston,) devotes so much of its space to secular matters, that, we feel justified in referring to it, as one of the critical and literary organs of the country.

Its articles are uniformly distinguished by a very high order of culture, and ability.

The number before us—that for *January*—opens with an essay on the "*Women of Homer*," which, in thoroughness of research, and justness of view, may well rank among the ablest magazine papers that have appeared for many months in any of the first-class periodicals, English, or American.

Another article, more especially interesting to ourselves, reviews the principal novels of 1859, in a candid and philosophical spirit.

We do not subscribe to all of the critic's opinions—for example, we think that "*The Virginians*" is somewhat overpraised, and the "*Sword, and Gown*," unjustly depreciated,—but upon the whole, our modern writers of fiction receive a fair share of applause, and fiction itself is shown to be a vehicle, when properly managed, whereby truth, morality and virtue may be vigorously and effectively inculcated.

The number closes with a series of "*Reviews of Current Literature*," which, in comprehensiveness and ability, may, without exaggeration, be compared to the same department, so justly celebrated, of the "*Westminster Quarterly*."

These critiques embrace notices of all the recent publications in Theology, History, Biography, Poetry, Art, Geography and Travels.

Under the head of "*Poetry & Art*," we have a flattering estimate of the productions of *Winthrop Mackworth Praed*—who is rightly characterized as "a brilliant, fanciful, and musical writer." We protest, however, against the arbitrary and eccentric judgment, which declares, that "*Praed comes nearer the possession of genius than Thomas Hood*."

These men are not to be compared for a moment. We cheerfully admit the sprightly humour, the exquisite harmony and grace of Praed's numbers; but Hood was a far profounder spirit, and his claim to the possession of true poetical genius, and that of an unusually high order, seems to us unquestionable.

"*The Christian Examiner*" is published on the first of January, March, May, July, September, and November, in numbers of at least one hundred and fifty-six octavo pages each, at but four dollars per annum.

It is a useful and instructive work, which every scholar would do well to procure.

*Prince Charlie, the young Chevalier.* By Merideth Jones, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a juvenile work, which many adults would find entertaining. It relates to the fortunes of Charles Stuart and his followers, with special reference to the events of the famous insurrection which took place in 1745.

The facts of the narrative are drawn from various records, contemporaneous, and otherwise, and their treatment is entirely original. The style of the book is lucid, and spirited. To the youthful reader, its interest is enhanced by a number of well-executed wood-cuts.

"*Mother Goose for Grown Folks*, (illustrated by Billings,) and published by Messrs. Rudd & Carlton, New York, is a performance of great humour, and originality.

The different stanzas of the world-renowned ballad, are taken as texts, from which occult, and profound meanings are educed, clothed in really clever, and often artistic verse.

Some of these, the reader will recognize as ingenious parodies.

The "*Brahmic*" rhymes, for example, are an admirable burlesque upon Mr. Emerson's "Orphic utterance," called "*Brahma*," which was issued in the "*Atlantic Monthly*," about a year ago.

We cannot forbear quoting them:

#### BRAHMIC.

##### I.

"If a great poet thinks he sings,  
Or if the poem thinks it's sung,  
They do but sport the scattered plumes  
That Mother Goose aside hath flung.

##### II.

"Far or forgot to me is near,  
Shakspeare and Punch are all the same;  
The vanished thoughts do re-appear,  
And shape themselves to fun or fame.

##### III.

"They use my quills, and leave me out,  
Oblivious that I wear the wings;  
Or that a goose has been about,  
When every little gosling sings.

##### IV.

"Strong men may strive for grander thought,  
But six times out every seven,  
My old philosophy hath taught,  
All they can master this side heaven!"

"*The Diary of a Samaritan; by a Member of the Howard Association, of New Orleans, and published by the Harpers*"—proposes to show the rise, progress and workings of *that*, and other charitable associations, and by detailing the labours of a member of one, to epitomize, as it were, the character of all.

The author confines himself, chiefly, to an account of the fatal epidemic of 1853. His work was written, he tells us, *con amore*, and "as intervals of leisure permitted."

It is full of terrible and distressing scenes, sometimes detailed in a remarkably forcible and affecting manner; sometimes, in a style so light and flip-pant, that we are almost tempted to believe two different writers composed the book.

Upon the whole, however, we have found this production one of great interest. Admitting its statements—the result of personal observations—to be generally truthful and correct, a body of facts is presented to the physiologist, in relation to the phenomena of death, under peculiar circumstances, which must prove of great practical service to science.

As a narrative of startling experiences, it possesses a sombre fascination; and although every page is steeped, so to speak, in the black hues of despair and agony, the thoughtful reader will find it hard to put down the book, until he has read it through.

What thrilling dramas are unfolded of mingled disinterestedness and selfish cowardice, of pain bravely endured and suffering overcome, opposed to the saddest exhibitions of imbecility and nervous apprehension!

From the history of the numerous fatal cases, superintended by the author himself, additional proof may be drawn, if such were needed, of the superior heroism of *woman*.

We find her, almost invariably, calm, collected—even happy, in the very presence of the fell destroyer; and while strong men writhe in agony, or indulge in impious cursing, we behold some frail girl, encountering her fate with a resolute quiet, which puts to shame the weaker will of members of a sex she had been taught to regard as her superiors!

Death has been said to equalize all conditions of mankind. In one sense this is true, but in another, and more important sense, how utterly fallacious is the forlorn hope thus held out to earth's suffering millions, "the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water!"

What we mean to convey has been

well illustrated in the "Diary" before us:

"It has been justly said," the writer observes, "that the adaptation and fitness of matter, organic and inorganic, is the completest evidence we have of an over-ruling Providence; that nothing is misplaced, and that there is a design in the most insignificant creations, without which the universe would be incomplete."

"With many who are surprised into gray hairs, the reflection comes, that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*."

"Some have raised a proud head, canopied with happy earthly illusions—they have sunk to rest, without the consciousness of the purpose of life. Others plod the path of usefulness humbly, without estimating the virtue of existence, beyond the fulfilment of necessary duties; they glide into the vortex of eternity, fulfilling a design which they deem they are no party to, because they had no choice in it."

"When blessed with health, an equal share of happiness is the fruit of every life, of every condition. The susceptibility of enjoyment is finely graduated to the educated capacity to enjoy."

"With each and all, the same passions have play. The labourer who toils through life by the sweat of his brow, and draws from the earth its grateful essence; the miser, whose joy is the possession of dross; the student, forgetful of his own wants in his Utopian dreams for the advancement of others; the seamstress at her needle, the wealthy merchant, aye! and to no less an extent, the falsely commiserated slave, all have their proportioned share of hopes and joys, when *health* tinges their veins."

"But let the scene be changed. Place them all on the threshold of eternity, and mark the *inequality* of their condition."

"To the rich, disease, or dissolution, is refined to a comparative luxury. The solicitude of friends, the mind untrammelled in its reflections by gloomy forebodings of the future of dear ones left behind, all tend to suffuse the departure of the spirit with a halo of serene hope and satisfaction."

"Not so the poor and destitute. With joys equal to the more prosperous, while in health, without repinings at their lot, to such the feeling of abjectness only comes when *disease* steals upon them. Then, the dreadful reality oppresses them—they are poor. Long-accumulated savings are spent for medicines. Day by day the sum diminishes. The cherished articles of furniture or ornament are sacrificed to ward off starvation. The reflection on a well-spent



life, or the assurance of a better, is no palliative to the mournful reflections which overpower them, as they contemplate the cessation of their usefulness, and the future of the unprovided ones who are to survive them," &c.

With this pathetic extract, we close our notice of a work which, although not destitute of grave faults, is written generally in a sincere and earnest spirit, and is full of impressive lessons to the rotaries of all that is base, fleeting, or unstable among the temptations and pursuits of the world.

*Prenticeana; or, Wit and Humour in Paragraphs.* By the Editor of the "Louisville Journal." (published by the Derby & Jackson, New York)—is a book which its author declares he "offers to the public with a diffidence almost painful." Of course, nothing on earth would have induced him to take such an embarrassing step but the "earnest and often-repeated prayers" of friends, who were by no means willing that the amazing light of Mr. Prentiss's wit should remain hidden under a bushel, or, which is the same thing, lost forever to popular appreciation in the columns of a daily newspaper. So, apparently much against his will, Mr. Prentice has allowed himself to be persuaded to favour the world with an elaborate collection of *bon mots* and so-called witticisms, against which, with surprising candour, he confesses, "there are just grounds of grave objection;" giving as a reason, that in many things contained in his volume little else than a partisan bitterness will be found." But then he urges, as a palliating circumstance, his magnanimity "in having carefully excluded, out of deference to the sensibilities of persons whom he now esteems and loves, thousands of the very passages which, at the time of their appearance, did most to give to the 'Louisville Journal' its fame, or—its notoriety." Moreover, the author adds: "*Nomes* have been suppressed, in order that there may be no occasion of offence."

A preface so full of excuses and partial explanations is apt to create distrust in the minds of those who think that any really good book is a benefaction to the public. The sensible reader will naturally conclude, that there is something in a production so heralded, of which its author is doubtful, if not ashamed. And truly, when we come to examine "THE PRENTICEANA," we are not surprised that the writer (whose talents are beyond question) should have hesitated before finally concluding to send forth, under the sanction of his

name, such a farrago of stale jokes and very equivocal humours.

We do not mean to affirm, that there is no merit in the volume; but the merit (whatever it may amount to) is embodied in forms so ephemeral, that Mr. Prentice would have done well, had he permitted them to die a natural death. As it is, his "Wit and Humour in Paragraphs" cannot be galvanized into permanent life; and the great imprudence (some will call it vanity) displayed in their re-publication will be used against him by that large class of persons who seize upon the errors of men of ability as so much capital to further the interests of envy or mediocrity.

*Transactions of the California State Agricultural Society during the year 1858.* Published by Resolution of the Senate, at the Tenth Session of the Legislature. Sacramento: John O'Meara, State Printer. 1859. pp. 373.

The practical purpose and character of our people, have scarcely been sufficient, to reduce to reason and evidence, the exciting experiences of California. We still feel as men in a dream, doubtful of our structure of thought, because uncertain of its foundation. We have no familiar tests, by which to try their lives, so different from our own. And prudent heads on the Atlantic, wag with ominous prophecies of change, at the sudden and strange growth, not of a city, but of an empire on the Pacific.

At length, we find in the publication, whose title is prefixed, an intelligent spectacle of the rise of a new people. And those whose habit it is to ask, when they enter a country not familiar to them, how the inhabitants make their living, can realize the intrinsic economical worth, of what has been hitherto scattered abroad like shadows from cloud-land.

The Legislature of California, in 1854, incorporated "The California State Agricultural Society, and appropriated five thousand dollars a year to be expended only in premiums by the Society. To this gift was attached the condition, that an annual account should be published by them, of all receipts from whatever source, and the expenditure of them. In 1858, these receipts amounted to \$28,958.55, expended in premiums, expense of fairs, and furnishing their cabinet of curiosities. In this volume are found the Acts of Incorporation, orations at their celebration, reports from their officers, and a very minute statement of all their doings. It is illustrated by a view of their pavilion at Marysville for 1855, a permanent struc-

ture in excellent taste, and portraits of the animals exhibited.

The Society has extended the scope of its incorporation. Among its official staff are a Recording Secretary and a Corresponding Secretary, who are salaried. The latter office is filled by O. C. Wheeler, to whose labours the report owes its chief interest. His report shows the result of journeys extending to more than 4000 miles, from one end of the State to the other. It is a very complete book of travels, made by one familiar with what he describes, and not liable to the misapprehensions of a foreigner. In their organization, he is a member of the visiting-committee of five, "to visit and examine all farms, orchards, vineyards, nurseries, field-crops, mining-claims, *ditches*, mills, &c.," and award premiums in the intervals of the annual fairs. And their report is a complete view of the industrial condition of all the country. This part of their plan may be well worthy of imitation, in our older and *slower* commonwealth. We can attribute, to the list of objects, to be examined, no suspicious grandiloquence; for *ditches* in it, mean aqueducts, twenty or thirty miles long, carried on the sides of, and across ravines, at the expense of hundreds of thousands, the remuneration for which is derived from letting out the water at so much the square inch of aperture, as it flows along. This simplicity of language, the name and public character of the reporter, and, above all, the circumstance that this is a report by one of their own people to themselves, give assurances of its trustworthiness; and this is confirmed by the whole internal evidence of the book.

Their Orator for 1858 quotes, with an air of *pique*, the very modest doubt, suggested by the Edinburgh Review, at the great vegetable wonders reported there, and asserts that, since those were talked of, he has seen a beet that weighed 125 pounds, a turnip upwards of thirty pounds, pears, four pounds a-piece, and a corn-stalk, twenty-five feet high. The dimensions of the great Washington-pine, quoted in the Review, as fifty feet at the base, 500 feet high, draw from the orator the assertion that "new and still larger groves have been discovered." A tree of that

size would fill the space between St. Michael's Church and the Court-House, and rise nearly three times as high as the church steeple. We have no exact measure assigned to the new and still larger trees.

In the same address, it is said, "that the best flour-mill, now standing on the earth, is in the county of Santa Clara, erected at a cost of half a million, furnished with mahogany and rosewood, and mounted in silver."

It was our intention to arrange, in a methodical classification, the various establishments and objects of interest, especially among the mines, but find that we have already occupied all the space which we can afford. One thing is rendered obvious by the perusal of this Report, that there is in California mining no more adventure than follows the application of capital and labour to the development of natural agencies.

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We copy the following from the "Bookseller's Medium:"

"The tables of literary mortality show the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure lasting fame:

"Out of 1000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the 17th century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are re-printed. Of the 80,000 works published in the 18th century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the 17th century. Men have been writing books these 3,000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man.

"So runs a newspaper paragraph. Authors, are, however, better taken care of in great libraries and by the critics, who are continually diving into the depths of the past, and dragging up drowned honour, by the locks."

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